Saturday Night

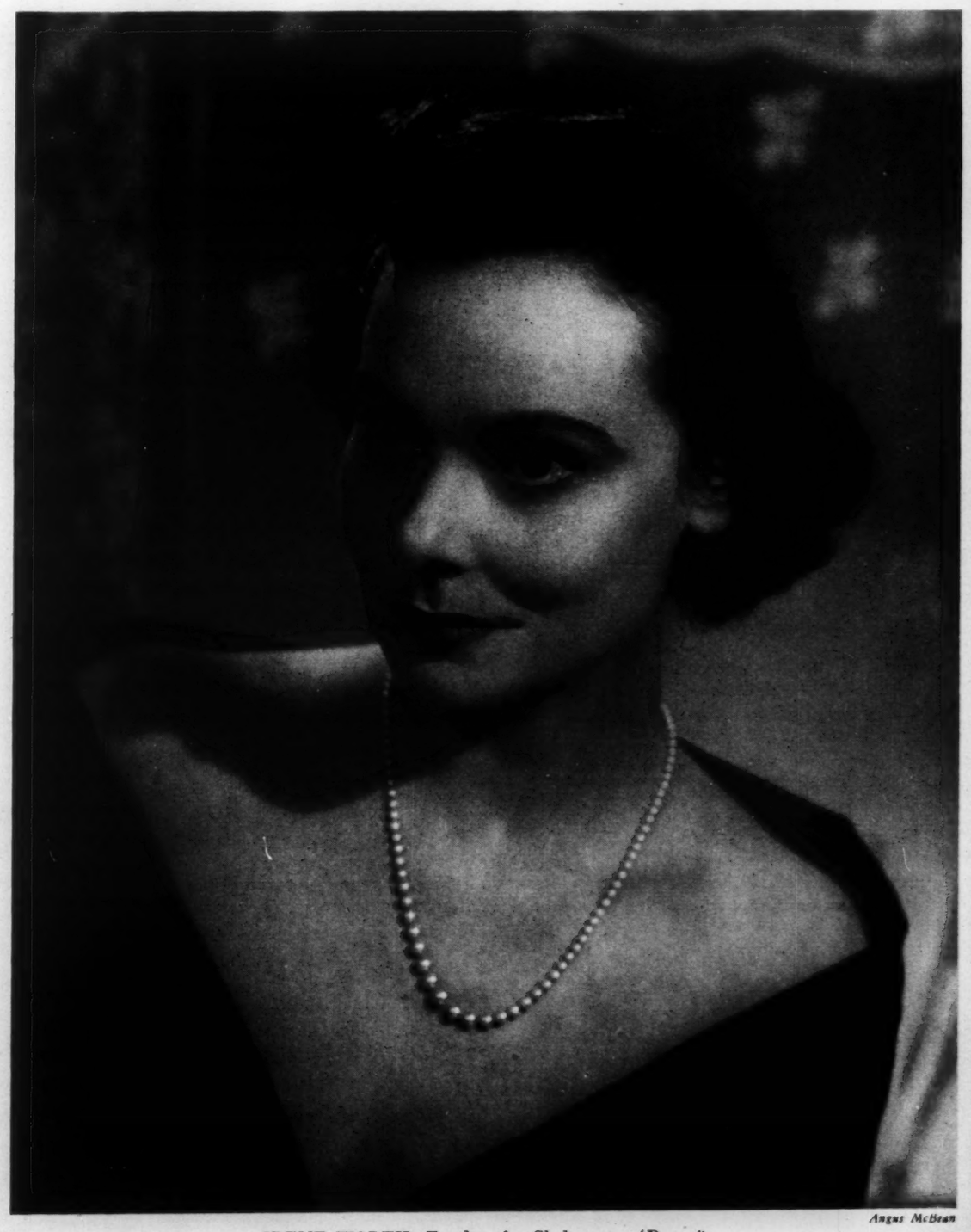
June 27, 1953 • 10 Cents

The Front Page

If there are great rolling sounds in the skies these days, they could be the thunder of summer storms or the echoes of atomic explosions; and they could be the belly-laughter of Rabelais, stirred from cosmic sleep by the most uproarious tribute he has received in the four hundred years since his death.

The French Communists have decided to give the ghost of Rabelais a party card; he earned it, they say, as an "early peace partisan." His kindly giants were great believers in peace, and so are the French comrades, who, however, seem to be ignoring the parts of the Rabelaisian tale where the fabulous pacifists get into a stupid war, win it, and celebrate victory by forgiving everybody and making a rule: "Do what you like."

That these funny little men, with their plots and counter-plots, their quaint dialectic and their heated dreams of power, should even think of making first-grade Soviet heroes of Gargantua and Pantagruel must provoke all of time's great mockers to a mirth that shakes the very pillars of Heaven. Perhaps some of that mirth will spill over into our little world, to lift the hearts and minds of



Angus McBean

IRENE WORTH: Freedom for Shakespeare (*Page 4*)

BE SURE YOU'RE RIGHT !

Get a GMC with real truck features

FOR POWER

High compression valve-in-head gasoline engines range from 107 horsepower to 130 horsepower.

FOR PERFORMANCE

Heavier, stronger, more durable frames, husky single- and two-speed rear axles and heavy duty rear springs carry loads up to 30,000 pounds G.C.W.

FOR SAFETY

Big, husky "Torque-Action" and "Twin-Action" brakes on GMC trucks ensure fast, smooth positive stops that mean *real* safety.

FOR ECONOMY

GMC's thrifty valve-in-head engines plus GMC staying power combine to bring you greater overall operating economy than ever before.

Model for model, feature for feature, these 1953 trucks are the greatest GMC trucks ever built. Ton for ton, mile after mile, you save more, make more with GMC. See your GMC dealer—and discover why GMC gives you more of what you want in 1953.

For real value get a REAL TRUCK!

GMC TRUCKS

A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

people sorely in need of an aseptic laughter to cut through their fears and obsessions—the people of all states, not merely of one group of nations.

If we laugh at the antics of the French Communists with Rabelais, who preached that human inquiry must be free to range where it will, we must also laugh at ourselves, who are afraid to explore the dirty little corners of our own minds.

It would be the greatest joke of all if the Communists, in their new enthusiasm for Rabelais, led us all to a re-discovery of the power of laughter —not the cackling inspired by production-line wisecracks and carefully contrived insults, but the deep surge of laughter that can wash over the land and dissolve all that is jerry-built, fearful and phony.

The Front Page

Ancient Feud

OFFICIALS of Ontario's Intercounty Baseball League have been considering a proposal to have the eyesight of their umpires tested by a registered optometrist. The London *Free Press* fears that "if it prevents fans from asserting loud and long that umpires are blind, it will destroy one of the grand old traditions of baseball." The *Free Press* need not worry too much about it. No optometrist is going to settle the ancient feud between fan and umpire. Besides, the umpires have their own article of faith, as stated for them by the redoubtable Bill Klem: "I don't call 'em as I see 'em; I call 'em as they are."

Boss of the Spotters

IT IS UNFASHIONABLE at the moment to be too pessimistic about the prospect of peace in our time. Still, most people realize that the odds are not good enough yet to wager much more than hope on the outcome of international wrangles; and the need continues for people to think about the men, the weapons and the organization needed for defence. Wing Commander James Wiseman, AFC, for example, must keep on pondering ways to frustrate air attacks on this country.

When we met him the other day, he had 80,000 problems on his mind —that being the number of volunteers necessary for effective operation of the recently-organized Ground Observer Corps, which he heads. "The volunteers," he said, "have to be recruited, trained, and their interest in spotting and reporting aircraft sustained through the days of peace so that they are ready for immediate 24-hour action in the event of war."

When the service is complete, with the establishment of the last of the filter centres, where plotters record the telephoned reports of the spotters, the network of the Ground Observer Corps will extend from the Eskimo stationed on a mound of Arctic ice to the elevator man atop the Prince Edward Hotel in Windsor, Ont.

It is Wing Commander Wiseman's job to coordinate all this. He is a slight (5 feet 7 inches, 150 pounds), white-haired 43-year-old, who earlier this year celebrated his 25th year in the RCAF; his appearance reminds one vaguely of James Cagney.

"In the past few years seven filter centres have been opened in places as far apart as Truro and Vancouver," he said. "We're getting a good type of volunteer. We've had Bell Telephone operators, nurses, housewives —all kinds of people who can spare the time. They find the job interesting, because we swop them around in the plotting room so they can handle any task they're given.

"Of course, the Corps is strictly on a 'be prepared' basis at present, with our volunteers working four-hour shifts in pairs. It takes about seven hours to train a person, skilled or not, as a plotter. The spotters out in the field—most of them farmers, trappers, housewives and in the Far North, Eskimos — are trained by teams of RCAF men, who spend three or four days in a district. These spotters play a valuable role in peacetime, too, because they can report aircraft that seem to be in distress. Many a pilot's life has been saved by their work."

With lengthy experience in aerial photography, Wing Commander Wiseman has a detailed knowledge of a large part of the country. Born in Winnipeg, he makes his home now in Ottawa. His two daughters are 10 and 7 years old.

WING COMMANDER JAMES WISEMAN: 80,000 problems.

Part of a Pattern

THE APPOINTMENT of Jack Pickersgill, a civil servant of sorts, to the St. Laurent Cabinet has caused consternation and anger within the Liberal party and outside it, but viewed coolly, without any partisan emotion, it fits well into the political pattern which has been developing during recent years.

It is a pattern of decreasing parliamentary responsibility. The Cabinet has been treating its docile supporters and the rest of Parliament with increasing contempt. It has tended more and more toward authoritative action, without reference to Parliament, in a manner illustrated vividly not so long ago by Trade Minister Howe, who sneered: "Who's to stop us?" With Cabinet ministers in this frame of mind, it has been natural for senior civil servants to display the same scorn for the Members of Parliament, and to take upon themselves responsibilities which properly belong to persons elected by popular vote. The antics of Deputy Defence Minister Drury have provided the best example of this sort of thing.

With the shift in power from Parliament to a select group of ministers and appointed advisers, nothing could be more logical than the promotion of the advisers to cabinet rank, particularly when those doing the promoting have at their disposal several pocket boroughs to make the matter of election a formality. It is part of the trend towards government by "expert."

When Lester Pearson was plucked from the civil service to become Canada's Minister for External Affairs, most people knew that he was a specialist in that sphere, and his conduct has confirmed the opinion that his was a happy choice. Few Canadians know much about the capabilities of Mr. Pickersgill, although they have a vague idea that he must be expert at something to have been the private soothsayer of Mackenzie King and now the heir apparent of Mr. St. Laurent. It may be that, like Mr. Pearson, he will handle his job competently. But his appointment serves to confirm the belief that the St. Laurent Ministry has a pretty poor opinion of Parliament: the Prime Minister could not find one man among the elected Liberals with enough ability for the job.

A Fresh Trade Fair

THE CANADIAN International Trade Fair was in every way but one a great success. There were more exhibits, more floor space occupied, more customers—more of everything except originality.

This month's Fair differed from its predecessors only in size; it was bigger than any of the previous Fairs, and next year's already promises to be bigger still. But bigness should not be the only criterion of its worth or its potential value to the country. A great deal of the impact of the Fair on other nations depends on its presentation, the way it is staged to get the greatest favorable reaction from its audience. If each performance is a carbon-copy of those that have gone before, the audience, instead of getting excited about it, has only a let-down feeling of having seen it all at another time.

The Fair gives Canada an opportunity to show the world the imagination and creative ability of Canadians, as well as their skill and productivity. Canada has fine designers and industrial artists; there is no reason why they could not present Canada's story at the Trade Fair with intelligent freshness each year.

Shakespeare on Film

CRITICS and discerning audiences grow wary when they hear the horns of the film studios heralding a celluloid assault on Shakespeare. Although many of Shakespeare's plays seem to be eminently suitable for translation from stage to screen, most of the attempts have been badly botched, because the people in the studios have lacked, in most cases, the necessary feeling for language and drama. How good Shakespeare can be on film was demonstrated in Olivier's production of *Henry V;* how bad, in Orson Welles's *Macbeth.*

Now, according to reports, a big entry on the credit side of the film ledger has been made with the MGM production of *Julius Caesar.* "Socko Shakespeare, seven stars, boffo b.o." was the accolade bestowed by *Variety,* whose reporters are as clear-eyed as their language is bloodshot. For those who prefer their English straight, John Gielgud (Cassius in the film) wrote in the New York *Times:*

"The more I studied the film version, the better it seemed to me to have been planned . . . I felt, as never before, that here was one of the few Shakespearian plays which might be more satisfactory in the cinema than it ever can be in the theatre, save under the most exceptional circum-

The Front Page

stances . . . The director has let the play speak for itself. He seems to me to have . . . justified to a remarkable degree the daring experiment of putting a Shakespearian play on the screen without damaging its quality or destroying the dignity and unity of its conception."

Gielgud, who has no love for "the wearisome, complicated routine of film making," points out the advantage the cinema has over the stage in the presentation of a play like *Julius Caesar*: the battle scenes, the crowds, rapid changes of action, all can be handled with greater dramatic effect on the screen by a skilful, imaginative director. In *Julius Caesar*, the battles come after three powerful acts, and often destroy the balance of the play because of the unavoidable restrictions of the stage. The movie camera knows no such restrictions, of course, but can leap from face to face, from group to group, and embrace vast panoramas.

We look forward to seeing *Julius Caesar*. If it proves "boffo b.o.", as *Variety* predicts, it may encourage Hollywood to put the talent and technical skill at its disposal to work on other Shakespearian productions. Success with Shakespeare could convince the film companies that what they need to meet the challenge of television is not new gimmicks so much as good material properly handled.

Caste Marks

MEDICAL SCIENCE does not miss many bets these days. It cannot stop high-pressure executives from fretting, but it can try to heal the ulcers that seem to be an inevitable result of the pressure and the fretting. Now doctors in the United States have rolled some pills which, they say, will get rid of stomach ulcers. If the pills are all they're supposed to be, they'll also get rid of one of the caste marks of the Upper Brackets. Certain types of go-getters rate their success by the size and number of their ulcers, and will not take kindly to the prospect of having to find a new standard of measurement.

Checking the Facts

IT IS the simple things that cause the greatest misunderstandings between nations. A few twisted facts in history texts used by elementary schools can be the start of a life-long prejudice—and one does not need to look beyond North America for examples. Now an effort to get the facts straightened out is being made by the Canada-United States Committee on Education; curricula and textbooks in both countries will be studied "for common values and ideals."

Co-chairman of the committee is Professor Charles E. Phillips, of the Ontario College of Education, an athletic six-footer with a liking for sports jackets and flannels. "People in the two countries have unreasonable prejudices about each other," he told us. "They probably go back to fundamental disagreements over just such errors as history and geography books might make. The whole object of our Committee is to use education for strengthening our understanding of each other. American and Canadian history books have tended to play up the dark disagreements of the early 1800's, and too often have disregarded the subsequent agreements and co-operation which have brought us to our present amicable relationship."

He meets his American counterpart on the Committee—Dr. J. B. Edmondson, Dean Emeritus of the School of Education, Michigan—several times a year, but most of his time is planned to a rigid schedule. Every night when he gets home, he settles down to a stint of writing. "It's a complete history of education in Canada," he said, "and it looks like being a two-year job." His experience fits him for the task. After he graduated from the University of Toronto with degrees in physics and engineering 30 years ago, he taught Latin and Greek for a time, then became the first full-time secretary of the Canadian Education Association.

"The CEA did a great deal towards coordinating the work of the various provincial departments of education," he said. "Then I joined the staff of the University. During the war I edited *The School*, the magazine of the Ontario College of Education." In 1947 he taught at the first UNESCO seminar in Paris, and the theme of that seminar was "international understanding through education."

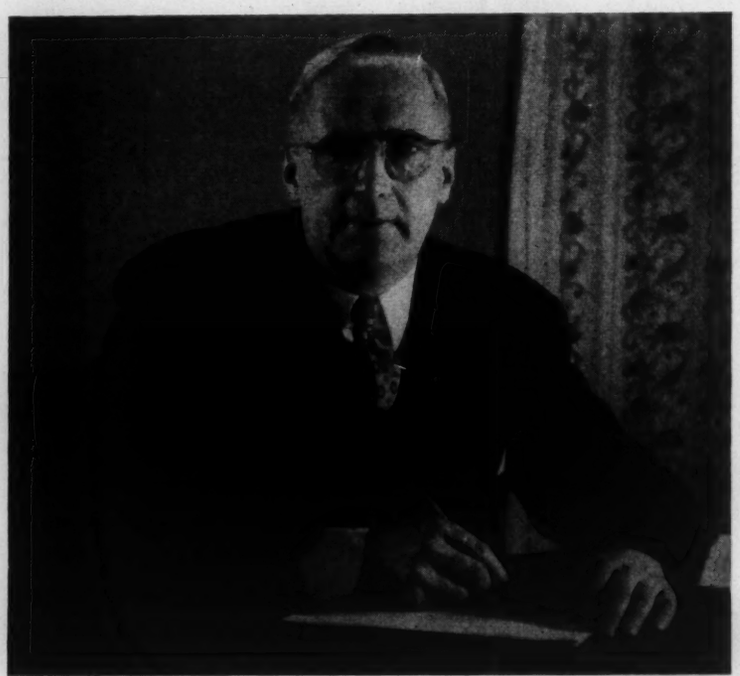
Solitary Moon

SASKATCHEWAN has a weekly newspaper called *The Moon*. Why this should be a distinctive name for a newspaper, we do not know; but the records show that there is only one so named in Canada. There are all kinds of *Suns* and *Stars*, several *Mercurys* and even a *Comet* or two. There are *Globes* and the occasional *Planet*, but only one *Moon*. It may be that publishers, a prickly lot, have a prejudice against dead satellites which gleam only with a reflected light; but they have not shied away from *Mirror*. Perhaps they feared that their newsboys would sound like a herd of lowing cattle, but lovers and poets have not shared that fear and have used the name with brave frequency. Whatever the reason, there is only one *Moon* and it can always claim that it was the first. We wish it well.

From Classes to Classics

THE FIRST THING Irene Worth wanted to see when she arrived in Stratford, Ontario, to start rehearsing for the Shakespearian Festival there, was the stage. "This is the most exciting thing I've ever taken part in," she said, after she had seen the stage, which is open to the audience on three sides. "The traditional picture-frame of the theatre is restricted. It is two-dimensional, and this is three-dimensional—the best kind of Three D. Shakespeare needs air and space and freedom. The Festival stage means absence of unnecessary decoration and scenery that clutters; it puts the emphasis on the text and freedom of movement."

On her way to Stratford from London, England, Miss Worth stopped off in New York to try on the gowns created for her by Valentina for *All's Well That Ends Well*, which will be presented in modern dress. "It's going to be an exciting version of this comedy," she said. "This makes quite a run of Shakespeare, you know. I've just finished a tour of South Africa with the Old Vic company. We played *Othello*, *Macbeth* and *Hamlet*, and the way the native audiences responded—they knew their Shakespeare—made it a very satisfying experience."



PROFESSOR CHARLES E. PHILLIPS: A study of common values.

Miss Worth was with the Old Vic in London for two seasons. "I went to England in 1944," she said. "I had been in *The Two Mrs. Carrolls* in New York the year before, but I wanted to study with Elsie Fogarty. Then a couple of years later I was in *The Time of Your Life* at the Lyric, and I didn't get back on a New York stage until 1950, when the Edinburgh Festival sent us over with *The Cocktail Party*. Alec (Guinness) was in that, you remember."

How did Miss Worth, who was born in Nebraska on June 23, 1916, get to New York in the first place? "Well, I was supposed to be a teacher," she said. "I went to the University of California at Los Angeles, and came out of it a Bachelor of Education. I became a teacher, but I was doing some acting, too, and I found that I much preferred the stage to the classroom. I toured with Elisabeth Bergner in *Escape Me Never*, and I suppose that led to *The Two Mrs. Carrolls*."

The Minute Women

WE NOTICED with considerable surprise that Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales* was among 600 tainted books which the San Antonio Minute Women discovered in the public library of that Texas city. The alert Minute Women listed the volumes they thought were un-American or subversive, or something of that sort.

It was not difficult to guess why Professor Einstein's *Theory of Relativity* was on the list. Anything beyond the comprehension of no-nonsense groups like the Minute Women must, of course, be subversive. Besides, there have been some nasty little rumors that the Professor does not have a high opinion of investigating committees.

Books by people like Thomas Mann and Louis Untermeyer were on the list, too; which is understandable. These authors were un-American enough to let their names be used by various Soviet Friendship organizations, at a time when the Russians and Americans were allies. Dangerous people, these, no matter how well they write.

But Geoffrey Chaucer could not possibly have got mixed up with Marx. Why did the *Canterbury Tales* cause the good Minute Women such pain? We found the answer a little later: the book's illustrations were done by Rockwell Kent, who has such little regard for the American Way of Life that he believes his political opinions to be his own business, and once told an investigating committee so. Mr. Kent has a talent for painting vigorous landscapes and designing interesting illustrations, but the Minute Women are not concerned with the quality of his work; the gossip about him is much more important.

You may get the impression from this that we are not enthusiastic about the Minute Women. If that is the case, you are mistaken. We approve of organizations like the Minute Women, because they gather in all the characters peopling the lunatic fringe of the population, and we are much happier when we know where the lunatics are.

Letters

No Buffalo Audience

THE LETTER from your correspondent M. J. Caveney inferred that TV viewers in Rochester and Buffalo much preferred the programs of CBLT to those broadcast by the Rochester and Buffalo stations. The letter interested me, because I had never heard of anyone in Buffalo watching CBLT. Being curious, I decided to make a check, and this is what I found:

The percentage of Buffalo viewers tuning in CBLT with any degree of regularity is so small as to be negligible — too small to have any Hooper rating, which is the only reliable test. There are two reasons for this. Firstly, WBEN in Buffalo has one of the best program listings to be found anywhere on the continent and attracts a tremendous audience. Secondly, most viewers in Buffalo are content with indoor antennae, which restrict viewing to an area of about 10 miles, and are therefore unable to get CBLT in any case. It seems likely that this is the result of the good service given by TV in Buffalo.

I learned, too, that there certainly was no "barrage of letters" directed by irate Buffalo viewers against WBEN after CBLT went on the air. There were a few letters commenting on Canadian programs, but no more than the usual number received, commenting on programs in other parts of the country. I was informed that it is normal for a certain number of "crank" letters to be received, from people who object to everyone and everything, no matter how good or bad.

Perhaps this will help to set the record straight. I cannot speak for Rochester, but I do not see why the situation there should be much different from that in Buffalo. It appears to me that Mr. Caveney was writing from his own prejudice against commercial broadcasting, and not from fact.

Buffalo, NY WENDELL GRAHAM

. . . MY PURPOSE in writing is to correct the impression that may have been left by Mr. Gettel (June 13). It would be wrong for people outside this area to think that everybody here holds the view expressed by Mr. Gettel . . .

We are not so narrowly provincial that we can gloat over what was obviously a bit of political trickery by which a television channel was taken from Toronto and given, by way of Hamilton, to Kitchener. We understand that Kitchener already had a UHF channel set aside for it, which would have served us very well. And obviously, a metropolitan area of the size of Toronto needs all the channels it can get . . .

There are many of us here who want no part of Mr. Gettel's narrow provincialism. We are big enough to want justice in all cases . . . Toronto has been made the goat of a "deal" . . .

Kitchener, Ont. J. A. DAWSON

IT MAY interest you to know that there are some people in this country who are envious of the Canadian programs and the CBC. They admire a radio system which can pick the best of their programs and still leave room for other "local" and national talent, but they know that their own radio is too firmly entrenched behind the dollar sign to do anything about it.

Your equating of television with other means of communication is rather far-fetched. Television as it is in the United States is 90 per cent entertainment and only 10 per cent communications. You conveniently lose sight of the fact that in newspapers one reads selectively—one reads those advertisements that catch the eye or in which one is interested; in Canada at least one is selective of radio programs and their bawling hucksters; but to be forced to view commercial television as it is today—continuous murder and sex and old Grade B films that one would find deadly if seen in a theatre—is that the conditioning you want for the younger generation, the generation that is going to have to think clearly on controversial issues and vote intelligently in coming elections? . . .

Peoria, Ill. LAURENCE SOLOMON

Cheers For Hamilton

IN THE MAY 30 issue your writer says (in The Backward Glance): "This was before Mr. Pierce became a citizen of Hamilton, Ontario, although why anybody would give up Australia to live in Hamilton is beyond our understanding."

Hamilton is a good place to live in. I lived there for eleven years. Many things make living in Hamilton a pleasant experience, and I'm sure a few months there would be a revelation to your author.

One of the lesser advantages of Hamilton is the nearness of Toronto. The Hamiltonian gets all the conveniences of living in a city of comfortable size, yet does not have to reach far to enjoy big-city attractions as well.

Schenectady, NY EDGAR R. JONES

Lucky Mowat

FARLEY MOWAT, in his supremely self-satisfied article, neglects to recognize that luck has been on his side more than once. First, he has evidently a natural and invaluable "slant" towards the popular big-pay American magazines . . . If this writing is also "satisfying to his own standards", so much the better for his conscience, happy fellow!

Second, there is that medal he won last year for "the best short story written by a Canadian"; we do not know what stories were entered in the contest, or how it was run, but two of the three judges were Scott Young ("Scrubs on Skates") and Thomas Costain ("The Black Rose"), both of whom I suspect (without intending real disrespect) of sharing fully Mr. Mowat's supercilious attitude towards what he calls "just arty little pieces". Wasn't that a piece of luck? If the panel had been composed of any three of such competent literary critics as Robert Weaver, Helen James, John Sutherland, Desmond Pacey, James Scott; and the stories had included samples by James Reaney, Colleen Thibeaudeau, Ethel Wilson, Dorothy Livesay, W. O. Mitchell, or any of half a dozen others, does anyone think the result would have been the same? . . .

His own self-styled tragedies are . . . tragedies of circumstance only, and might more truthfully be called adventure stories with unhappy endings. All have one theme—noble savage versus stupid, unscrupulous white man or, occasionally, cruel mother nature. There is no depth of character portrayal, no subtlety of the interplay of personalities, no conception of the "tragic flaw" . . .

Undoubtedly Mr. Mowat has, as he says, made a lot of money, and is living in considerable comfort at present. But I submit that neither his methods nor his goal are of the highest order, and that they are not necessarily the most worthy of emulation by other Canadian writers, however hungry. Let us not all sit back and allow him to mistake a mess of pottage for a pot of message complete with laurel wreath.

Palgrave, Ont. MRS. E. B. COX

Hereditary Principle

WITH reference to Mr. Woodward's letter, the country in which a McCarthy or Peron steps into the breach deserves what it gets . . . If one or the other became a monarch, L. D. Byrne's mystical theory would automatically elevate them and their heirs in perpetuity.

One could conceive of a King Winston or a King Franklin, but what possible spiritual basis could saddle a country with King Randolph or King Elliott? The hereditary principle is hard to swallow, it having produced Herod, Catharine, Ludwig, George IV, Carol, Farouk and Hirohito. Small wonder that it is being increasingly questioned. The fine personal qualities of some contemporary monarchs may ameliorate but do not necessarily justify their present positions.

Toronto STANLEY R. REDMAN

Good Conversation

MR. ROBERTSON DAVIES made a statement which I feel . . . warrants comment.

"Anyone seeking a fortune," Mr. Davies says, "might found a novel school for writers; he would first teach them to talk well, and when they had mastered that art they would quickly make the transition to writing."

I am suspicious of this idea . . . because I do not think it fits actual circumstances well enough to be accepted as a valid generalization. Hazlitt's remarks seem better to bear out experience:

"It is a common observation, that few persons can be found who speak and write equally well . . . We find that the greatest authors often make the worst company in the world; and again, some of the liveliest imaginable in conversation, or extempore speaking, seem to lose all their vivacity and spirit the moment they set pen to paper."

I think I can understand what lies behind Mr. Davies's statement. Prose writing in the past few years has too often been stale, unprofitable and, at best, derivative. Moreover, the constant feeling that one has is that conversation—good conversation—is a dead art. (But then Jonathan Swift expressed the same opinion about conversation a good many years ago.) I strongly suspect that conversation, outside of great novels, has never been as good as many of us nostalgically like to think. Because of this I cannot see that any training in conversation—on the face of it a patent absurdity—could do much, if anything, for the novel.

Upsala, Sweden RONALD BATES

Coronation Stamps

MAY I ADD my protest to those of other people who have been complaining about the quality of Canada's Queen Elizabeth stamps . . . The Coronation issue is even worse than the others . . . It is a national disgrace.

Ottawa ETHEL CARSON

. . . THE CORONATION stamps are the worst yet. There are engravers in Canada whose work is as good as anything to be found anywhere, but outsiders looking at these stamps cannot help but get the impression that we are a nation of bungling amateurs . . .

Calgary STANLEY T. CAMPBELL

THERE HAS been much too much talk about the Canadian stamps bearing the portrait of Queen Elizabeth. The job is done . . . What would the critics have thought if the Post Office Department had scrapped all its work, thereby wasting thousands of dollars? They seem to think the nation can afford all sorts of extravagances . . .

Winnipeg O. P. STASNICK

Nothing Gained

IT IS encouraging to observe from your page of reader correspondence, that Canadian men and women are beginning, little by little, to feel and express a heartfelt abhorrence of the practice of capital punishment . . .

We continue to execute criminals to salve the public wrath, but we must never imagine either that justice has been done or a social problem solved. Two thousand years ago, Christ denounced the ancient and barbaric law "an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth". That we still, in this bright age, avenge every murder with another murder, will be to our eternal disgrace.

Hamilton, Ont. JILL LORING

BY APPOINTMENT TO H. M. THE QUEEN

Pringle of Scotland

A

B

C

D

It's a Sweater Summer with Pringle of Scotland

Inimitable cashmeres done with the care and finesse so typically Pringle of Scotland. So wonderful for your air-conditioned city life, for cool resort nights, for that country evening wrap. . . . and of very special interest to our American visitors.

A—Classic long-sleeved pullover in autumn green, beige, cherry, royal blue, Brittany brown, powder blue, Paris grey. Sizes 36 to 40. each 21.95

B—Quest—black with grey; grey with white ombre stripes. Sizes 34 to 40 each 27.50

C—Classic cardigan in light brown, royal blue, gold, Bermuda pink, dark grey, black, white, autumn green, peacock blue, beige, cherry, Brittany brown, Paris grey or powder blue. Sizes 36 to 40 each $25

D—Classic short-sleeved pullover in Paris grey, powder blue, Brittany brown, cherry, autumn green, black, beige, light brown or peacock blue. Sizes 34 to 40 each 18.95

Simpson's TORONTO

Phone TRinity 8111 or write
Simpson's Shopping Service, Toronto
Simpson's Fashion Floor, The Third
Dept. 304

The Constant Pressure on Entertainment

By GILBERT SELDES

ONE OF THE facts of life in a democracy is that entertainment is perpetually under pressure. It was so in the days when adherents of Forrest and Macready rioted in New York and seventeen people were killed; and it is so today, when the careers of entertainers are killed off by organized telephone calls to broadcasting stations.

Just as war is an extension of diplomacy, pressure is an extension of balloting, of the individual's right to make his opinion and his desires known, his right to persuade. There is, however, a difference: in war, the invaded country strikes back; in mass entertainment in the United States, up to the present time, the victim constantly caves in. This has gone so far that direct pressure need no longer be applied; the threat of pressure is enough.

The most conspicuous case in recent months is that of George S. Kaufman, long known and admired as a playwright of wit and intelligence, who was a regular panel member on a rather second-rate television program, This is Show Business.

During one of the December broadcasts he expressed the hope that it would be one program on which *Holy Night* would *not* be played. A number of telephone calls came to CBS and Mr. Kaufman was dropped from the panel. Immediately a much greater volume of protest rolled up, and in particular many clergymen, of various faiths, applauded Mr. Kaufman and denounced the overworking and commercialization of Christmas hymns.

The program had still several weeks to run under sponsorship and for this period Mr. Kaufman was not reinstated; he did return for the few weeks during which the show continued as a CBS sustaining production and this, it must be assumed, was due to the quantity and quality of the counter-pressure.

The episode illustrates a half-hidden factor in the development of pressure-tactics. It was definitely established that Mr. Kaufman hadn't intended to make, and *actually hadn't made*, any derogatory or irreligious remark, but the publicity following his abrupt dismissal had made him "a controversial figure" and such figures, innocent or guilty, are not acceptable to many sponsors.

Several years ago, the American Broadcasting Company publicly announced that, failing proof of guilt, it would not drop a well-known actress and her program was, indeed, kept on the air for a considerable time; so far as I know she has not appeared on any sponsored program since. In this case the accusation was political; the actress presumably had appeared for or had associated with organizations which, years later, had been declared subversive.

Pressure is not illegal, but it is lawless; it has no rules. The two instances I have mentioned introduce new principles into the customs of the country: the presumption of guilt, the anonymity of the accuser (the telephone call and the unsigned postcard are as effective as the published denunciation), the immunity from prosecution for slander, the indifference to evidence, and above all the consequences of the principle of the "controversial figure"—the principle that proof of innocence does not restore the accused to his respected place in society, does not carry with it *full* opportunity to make a living. The drumhead court-martial and the kangaroo court and the Star Chamber never went quite so far.

Religious pressure tends to be more open than the political form. The Catholic protest against *The Miracle* and the Jewish protest against *Oliver Twist* both had fringe-elements which threatened boycotts and reprisals, but the main attacks were conducted in the press and from the pulpit, on a relatively high level; they were answered with dignity. As the case of *The Miracle* involved a law of the State of New York, it was taken to the Supreme Court, with the result that, for the first time, the motion picture has been taken under the protection of the First Amendment, guaranteeing freedom of expression. (It should be noted that on the whole the major studios have ducked controversy, seldom fighting censorship; an independent exhibitor carried *The Miracle* case to its conclusion.)

IN THE centre of pressure is anti-Communism and, in the present atmosphere, to question the *methods* of pressure exposes one to the very real danger of being called pro-Communist. The aim of the pressure is to prevent Communists and their sympathizers from working in the entertainment trades, but the method of attack is such that ex-Communists as well as those who supported the Soviet Union when it was our ally in the war, can also be prevented. And the principle of the controversial figure has been carried so far that individuals cited by mistake, professionals whose names resembled those of suspected persons, have also found it difficult or impossible to get as much work as they used to have, even after the errors have been exposed.

The lack of definite standards makes pressure easy. The loose combination of "Communists and fellow-travellers"—the first a specific designation of a member of the party, the second not susceptible to exact definition—gradually extends itself to Socialists, to radicals, to followers of Henry Wallace, to liberals, and to New Dealers — at which point it includes, by association, more than half of the total voters of the United States for a generation.

Grotesque as this seems, it corresponds to fact in at least one respect: the first spectacular success of the Un-American Activities Committee, and the first great encouragement to organized pressure, was in the field of the motion picture, and the investigation came after the vast majority of the most popular figures in Hollywood had declared themselves for President Roosevelt. Republicans and Southern Democrats who disliked the President dominated the Committee and laid the foundation for the new principle that the political beliefs of an individual must be considered before he is to be permitted to make a living. So far, this principle has been extended to only a few fields: entertainment, education, and some sections of Government work; its encroachment into book and magazine publishing has just begun.

There are some lighter forms of pressure to be noted. A few years ago, an association of private detectives objected to the tough guys shown in their profession in the movies; a few months ago, a group of hotel workers in New York forced a producer to print in his program a statement that the slatternly maid in his play was not typical of all maids; and a professional lawyers' group objected to what was said about the law and justice in a play dealing with witchcraft, *The Crucible*, which takes place in the 17th Century.

On the other hand, pressure, quietly exerted, has accomplished the noteworthy objective of eliminating, or at least modifying, the stereotype of the "shiftless Negro" in the movies; his place has, I regret to say, been taken by the shiftless Mexican, who has no pressure group to protect him. Another effect has been the disappearance of many dialects (notably the Jewish) from all entertainment and of many jokes about characters in minority groups. I do not miss either of these and think that the outcry was exaggerated, particularly be-

AP

UN-AMERICAN ACTIVITIES COMMITTEE in session: "The centre of pressure is anti-Communism".

HOMEWARD By J. F. HERRING SR.

A 19th Century English painting now on sale and display—included in a collection of fine works by English, French and Canadian artists.

LAING GALLERIES

194 Bloor St. West—Just West Avenue Road

"The Bank strengthened the framework of my business"

"In 1946 I was the owner of a small furniture business. I saw an opportunity at that time to expand by producing office furniture. However, with my limited capital, I couldn't see how I could finance the extra equipment and heavier inventories of lumber and hardware. I talked it over with Dan McMillan, my Dominion Bank manager. He pointed out ways to make my capital work to greater advantage.

"Since then my business has grown steadily. I give a lot of credit to the financial help, the sound loan policy and guidance of The Dominion Bank. When you need good business advice, you'll be wise to talk things over with your Dominion Bank Manager."

Branches throughout Canada.
Correspondents throughout the world.

New York Agency: 49 Wall St.

London, England Branch: 3 King William St., EC4.

THE DOMINION BANK

82 YEARS OF SERVICE TO THE CANADIAN PEOPLE

53-18M

cause the jokes about Jews were largely told by Jews, about the Irish by the Irish, and so on; and I understand the point made by many people, that the minorities are being supersensitive and taking away some of the richness and color of our lives. Most of these critics, I find, are members of the majority group—white, Protestant, and probably native born. They lack minority experience.

It is precisely that experience which often leads minorities to turn to pressure, first in self-protection and then to make their ideas and ideals dominant. They have succeeded so far because the majority, unorganized to the point of being disorganized, yet recognizes that its own safety depends on the continuing right to organize; because a member of the white majority may also be a member of the Catholic or Jewish minority, because a member of the Negro minority may be a member of the Protestant majority. They have succeeded also for less respectable reasons, as when they have subverted basic principles to propagate their own kind of Americanism. And they have succeeded because the defence of the basic principles seems unnecessary to the vast majority of Americans. Or, let us say more generously, very few people know that these principles are in danger.

The past few months have witnessed at least the beginnings of a counter-attack against pressure. Clergymen, university men, some publishers have spoken out. They are in difficulties because they cannot lay down the ground rules for pressure; they can only protest against its abuses.

It is at this point, I believe, that the experience of the United States can be of value to other countries. To the outsider, we seem to be making silly fools of ourselves and to be creating a peculiarly irresponsible form of repression, worse than the Communist or Fascist model because it works outside the law. To a great extent I believe this is true; but what the outsider does not understand is that we are hysterical because we do not know what we are doing—in other words, we are without principles and standards and rules.

Now, pressures exist elsewhere; there is the pressure of good form in England and the legal pressure in France which under certain conditions requires a publisher to give identical space to individuals attacked in his paper; there is pressure on the CBC which prevents it, as I understand the case, from having opinionated news commentators and consequently, as I understand the critics of the system, keeps all commentary on news rather colorless, the shrewd analyst going down the drain with the prejudiced one. In the United States, we are giving the world an example of all the worst forms that pressure can take and, at the same time, are upholding the fundamental principle that citizens have the right to exert pressure. In the name of free speech, we are protecting the enemies of free speech—a paradox often noted in connection with Communists, seldom acknowledged in connection with the pressure groups.

I have tried to be descriptive and analytical in this report, without concealing my profound distaste for nearly everything the pressure groups have accomplished. I do not myself know any way to meet pressure except by counter-pressure, and few of the people I know would befoul themselves with the methods of the pressure groups as they now operate. They hold to standards of decent conduct, and as they look about them, they wonder whether the gallantry of going down with the ship is as important as saving a remnant of free humanity.

For the one thing I have omitted from this account is the almost impalpable change which has overtaken nearly everyone in public life, the change from confidence to timidity. You catch it on the few remaining television shows where people make impromptu remarks—they are all frightened by what happened to Kaufman. You catch it in the weasel-wording of all but a few news analysts. It was conspicuous during the last election when hundreds of Stevenson's supporters in Hollywood refused to come out for him—because they remembered what had happened before. You hear protestations of loyalty as a preface to every plea for freedom of speech, to every small criticism of the indecent techniques of the powerful men who use pressure groups to back them up. The "bull sessions" at colleges, we have been told, are not as free-spoken as they used to be, and men in club cars play bridge and do not discuss the affairs of the world.

It is a long time to 1984, but life sometimes overtakes art and we may enter the Orwellian nightmare earlier than he expected.

•

Listening to Rachmaninoff

Nothing of grim geometry is here,
Lympany is a web of dazzling rays,
With pyramids of gold and leaves of lace.
This room is filled with kindly warmth,
As though someone were near
With shawls of sanctuaries
To spread protection in a threatened place.
The master's mild severity of mind
Can sheathe the anguish of this hour,
The Moura-mated melancholy pace
Ordains the discipline you could not find,
In shifting dialogues of gentle power.
Rendition is a curtain parted
Upon a grove of gifted grace,
Where silver showers of notes unbind
The tracings of a chart
Where all had been uncharted.

VERNAL HOUSE

•

Any man or woman who has never heard me speak has failed in life. No policy, no party, no panacea, no hope. Bonar Thompson speaks every Friday, 8 p.m., Marlborough Head Hotel, London, W. 1. — *New Statesman & Nation.*

No audience?

If Memory Serves

Let's Splice the Brain Mace

ON THE DAILY issue of a two-ounce tot of rum to members of the ships' companies of British naval vessels is a tradition that goes back into naval antiquity. This tradition has successfully withstood the angry yowls of protest from generations of prohibitionists, and it promises to be a part of naval rigmarole as long as British tars go down to the sea in ships—and come back ashore to a state of carefree inebriety.

Lately, the movement to end the issuing of rum to sea-going naval personnel has been dusted off and presented once again to the top naval brass. We can only guess at the outraged reaction of these gentlemen, but we feel sure that it received from the Navy itself the same backing as would a proposition to limit shore leaves to the nearest YMCA.

Some salty characters call ship's rum Nelson's Blood, others call it Bubbly, but no matter what it's called it can take the top of your skull off if you drink it straight. Regulations call for it being cut with two parts water, making it "grog", but this gives it a flavor midway between the Aga Khan's bathwater and a cupful of diluted Aqua Velva, while its appearance is reminiscent of the residue from a washtub used for laundering khaki socks. In its raw state it tastes like shellac, has the same reaction you get from kissing a trolley wire, and it makes Assistant Stewards want to wrestle the Captain. In other words, it's a very good reason for joining the Senior Service.

The care and stowage of rum receives more attention aboard a warship than the stowing of high explosive shells, and the ritual of "Up Spirits!", as the issuance of the daily tot is called, fills several pages in the Manual of Naval Storekeeping; the making of bread is disposed of in two paragraphs. While most small ships in the Royal Canadian Navy often ran out of bread during the last war, none, to my knowledge, ever ran out of rum.

On wartime corvettes, most of the ceremony surrounding the rum issue was jettisoned along with the theory that grog is a mild medicament which cheers but does not inebriate. Occasionally a new officer would try to carry out the issue of spirits according to King's Regulations and Admiralty Instructions, and would insist that it be made into grog. This had the effect of reducing the drinkers aboard ship to those suffering painful hangovers and the chronic alcoholics among the crew. In a few days the new officer's spirit would be broken, the rum would be issued straight, the men would bottle it, everyone (or almost everyone) would remain sober at sea, and then would stay drunk for two days after reaching port.

In a warship fighting a North Atlantic gale, the rations could be cut to cold bully beef and hard tack, the officers and men would have to claw their way from the messes to their watchkeeping stations with the help of lifelines and rat-tails, but the rum —like the Royal Mail—had to be issued on schedule, even though half the crew was too sick to look a tot in the eye at ten paces without making a dash for the scuppers.

Without it, however, a life on the ocean waves would have been dull indeed, and there would have been very few of the anecdotes that enliven naval reunions. The stories about rum, and its effects, are legion, but we'll confine ourselves to a few of which we have personal knowledge.

The Royal Canadian Navy has had some famous tipplers, and every wartime ship could boast a couple of its own, but one of the most famous, both in peace and war, was a Chief Torpedo Gunner's Mate, now retired, whom we'll identify by his nickname, Popeye. A few tots of bubbly would give Popeye what he liked to call "fiendish ideas".

One of these fiendish ideas came to Popeye one day while he was serving aboard a destroyer shortly before the war. In those days, he was not a Chief PO, and you could have got 50-to-1 odds that he never would be. He had earned the enmity of both the destroyer's Captain and its First Lieutenant, and he had valid reasons to believe they had ganged up on him. He racked his brain for ways to get even with them, and one afternoon, after cadging an extra three or four tots of rum, a brilliant, or "fiendish" idea struck him.

The following morning he hurried ashore to a florist's shop and sent identical bouquets of flowers to the wives of the Captain and First Lieutenant, enclosing a loving note in each, the note to the Captain's wife signed with the First Lieutenant's name, and the note to *his* wife bearing a facsimile of the Captain's signature. This brought to an end their ganging-up tactics, as neither would speak to the other from then on except in curt monosyllables. Although they are both Admirals now, they may not be on speaking terms yet, for all I know.

A HOOKER or two of rum could do wonders for the psyche, and its properties can be described as aphrodisiac, apocryphal, and aperient. It made brave men out of cowards, human dynamos out of deadheads, and the dreams of grandeur it evoked were only dissipated by the cold clear light of dawn.

In the winter of '43, the corvette *HMCS Battleford* was tied up alongside the North Mole in the harbor of Gibraltar. It was a beautiful afternoon, and the Captain was standing on the bridge in the company of a Royal Navy Commander, who was pointing out to him the sights of the fortress. The Commander waved his arm in a wide circle embracing the anti-aircraft batteries atop the Rock, and both of them gazed aloft. Before their startled gaze, much closer than the gun batteries, in fact sitting on the crosstree of the foremast, was a naked apparition jauntily swinging a rum bottle in its hand. On closer inspection it turned out to be First Class Stoker Denis Doyle, an Irishman on loan from the Royal Navy.

The Captain and his guest the Commander beat a hasty and embarrassed retreat from the scene, and for the next half hour the Officer-of-the-Day, the Chief Engineroom Artificer and the Coxswain tried to coax Doyle down from his perch, like a family attempting to recapture a strayed canary. After he had finished the bottle of rum, and not a moment before, Doyle consented to come down from the mast. When he finally did, he was clapped into close arrest. Except for a gigantic case of the shakes, which lasted halfway across the Bay of Biscay on the way back to Britain, Doyle recovered, but the Captain was never the same again.

BEFORE this, when I served aboard *HMCS Lunenburg*, we had a jackpot brought about by rum, which I always intended to use for a short story called, "The Biggest Mascot In The Navy". In condensed form it goes like this:

A corvette in our escort force had acquired from an Irish farm, by means best described as foul, a mascot in the shape of an odoriferous billygoat. This cloven-hoofed descendant of Old Nick was tethered on the ship's quarterdeck as an animated garbage-disposal unit, where he spent part of his time butting the depth-charge crews and the rest digesting dog-eared paper-bound copies of *Kitty* and ruminating on the quirk of fate that had shanghaied him into the RCN.

His brief days as a ship's mascot were terminated suddenly during a night submarine attack on the convoy, but whether he followed a depth-charge over the side or ended up in the shepherd's pie, nobody aboard his ship would say. However, this particular corvette gained a reputation for carrying the best-known mascot in the navy, after Laura, the *Orillia's* pet parrot, took off into the wild blue yonder somewhere south of Iceland in the winter of '41.

The sea-going pets represented a challenge to one of the less-sober ratings aboard our ship, who, while under the carefree influence of several dollops of bubbly in Halifax, decided that our ship would have the biggest mascot that any vessel in the Canadian, or any other navy ever had.

After an unsuccessful night of cruising around the Nova Scotia countryside in a taxi, trying vainly to purchase a cow, he suspended operations until morning. Around noon, with his resolution bolstered with a fresh supply of firewater, this worthy found himself outside the dockyard Victualling Depot, confronted with a large black horse between the shafts of a wagon, made to order as the biggest, though not the most appropriate, mascot any ship could ask for.

Our slap-happy friend stole this conveyance and drove it at breakneck speed through His Majesty's Dockyard in a modern imitation of Ben Hur, scattering strolling Commodores, boiler-cleaning parties, and various other groups of startled naval personnel into doorways and ditches. Arriving at Jetty 5, where the *Lunenburg* was tied up, he unhitched the large black steed and drove it up the gangplank to the boat deck, where it became stuck between the port side ship's boat and the forward davit.

Of all the inopportune times for the Captain to decide to visit the bridge in port, this was the one. He glanced idly down at the horse which was gazing up at him from the boat deck, turned away in disbelief, then, with a superb Hollywood double take, turned once again and let out a roar that civilians in town mistook for another Halifax explosion. Two men painting the radar cabin dropped their paint cans and rushed to man the Oerlikon guns, the Coxswain leaped up the ladder to the wheelhouse, and the rest of the Duty Watch (who had been busily engaged in a pay-day-stakes poker game) ran out from the fo'castle messdeck.

The Captain spied the young man responsible for the commotion, busily engaged at the end of the reins trying to steer the new mascot between the boat and the davit. "What the hell is going on down there?" he cried.

"I'm bringing our new mascot aboard."

The Captain's jaw fell four feet. When he recovered the power of speech he shouted, "Get that animal off my ship immediately!"

The young man looked up at him, and in a hurt tone gave him an answer that soon became a naval classic: "I can't sir, he's stuck. We'll probably have to butcher him to get him loose."

The Captain, halfway between tears and laughter, disappeared in the direction of the Ward Room wine cupboard.

THE Duty Watch was assembled, and under the strident orders of the Coxswain, who could hardly speak for laughing, they heaved and shoved until the momentary mascot of the *Lunenburg* became unstuck. Now, as anyone familiar with horses will tell you, getting a horse up a gangplank is one thing, but backing it down is another. Two men were detailed to each leg of the poor beast, and it was slowly eased down the gangplank to *terra firma*, accompanied by the laughter and jeers of half the Halifax Dockyard.

By this time the legitimate driver of the horse and wagon, a simple little dockyard character called Snuffy, had arrived on the scene. He stood by, blubbering and wringing his hands, while the corvette's de-horsing was completed. When the horse was safely placed once more between the shafts of the cart, Snuffy drove away, shaking his fist at the *Lunenburg* and shaking his head at the strange whirl of chance that had brought him into contact with such an irresponsible outfit as the Navy.

HUGH GARNER

THE GREEKS

HAVE A WORD FOR IT

. . . WE MEAN the magic word that tells a mule to get going. It probably worked better than usual, recently, when Greek mule-drivers had to transport into the isolated interior, roofing materials needed for the construction of refugee shelters. The government purchased 2,000 tons of aluminum for the purpose — and incidentally licked the transportation problem.

Another nice thing about aluminum's lightness is that a given poundage goes two to three times as far as with other metals. It often means that aluminum, with all its advantages, actually costs less, too. Aluminum Company of Canada, Ltd. (Alcan).

EXPORT "A"
FILTER TIP
CIGARETTES

Foreign Affairs

The View of Asia from Bermuda

THE GREATEST handicap which our side suffers in entering the political conference on Far Eastern questions which will be provided for by a Korean armistice agreement, was clearly stated in a declaration by Mao Tse-tung before the Korean War began: "The affairs of Asia must be managed by Asians, without interference from the West."

The forthcoming conference in Bermuda, it is now thought, must give first priority to securing an agreed Western attitude towards Far Eastern problems. It is a wholly Western gathering. And if the atmosphere of Hanoi or Hong Kong would have been more helpful to it in considering Asian problems than that of the idyllic Atlantic playground, a shift of locale to the Far East would only have pointed up the aspect of Western "interference" in Asian matters.

There is no getting away from it, this is a heavy drag on our policy. It will be relieved only slightly by the inclusion of Philippine and Siamese delegates in the UN team at the Asian Conference (representing nations participating in the Korean struggle). The strength of American forces in the field and the intense American concern over Pacific security will ensure that the UN argument will be heard throughout Asia in loud American accents; and the most will be made of this by Mao.

Another difficulty for our policy-makers is the persistence with which out-of-date notions hang around, (*See also last week's "The View of Europe from Bermuda."*) It is not easy, after two whole generations in which Japanese military power dominated the Orient, to become used to the idea that China now has far and away the strongest and most modern army and air force in Asia; and that second to her comes South Korea. Furthermore, it is now evident that any Far Eastern settlement which we can work out must guard against the danger of a new war which may be provoked by *either* of these powers, by friend as well as foe.

IT MUST also take account of the likelihood that Japan will begin to rearm in the near future, and in view of her life-and-death problems of population and trade, must be expected to take an opportunist line. Finally, our policy must fully adjust itself to one of the most far-reaching and unsettling strategic consequences of World War II, the loss to British policy of the military manpower of India with which to maintain order all the way from Suez around to Hong Kong.

All that is left is a few battalions of Gurkhas from Nepal; the rest is cancelled out by the bitter Indo-Pakistani feud over Kashmir. And while one must assume that the Indian and Pakistani armies will continue to cancel each other out, one cannot make the same assumption about the Vietnam and Vietminh (Communist-led) Armies in Indo-China. The Vietnam is the weaker of the two today, without French and Foreign Legion support; and its supply of arms and financial support for the future appear highly uncertain, from the reaction in France during the recent political and financial crisis to suggestions that a settlement be negotiated as quickly as possible in Indo-China.

THERE remains the Chinese Nationalist Army on Formosa, which fills the unenviable role occupied by the Polish Army of General Anders in the last war, of being at once a military thorn in the side of the enemy and a political thorn aggravating allied relations. If Chiang and his Chinese Nationalists are to remain a factor, and be kept armed, it will only be through the recognition and support of the United States. Yet recognition of Peking and a promise to support her admission to the UN are two of the most important bargaining counters we can take to a Far Eastern Conference. One may well ask whether it is worth going into such a political conference without them.

Is it possible to compromise or agree on this question? The British have not committed themselves formally and forever not to withdraw recognition from Peking. But the American Senate, in one of those actions which embarrass and constrict American diplomacy, has now committed itself by a vote of 76-0 to the resolution that "the Communist Chinese Government should not be admitted to membership in the United Nations." This is a little less constricting than the earlier Senate action to cut off the U.S. contribution to the UN, and therefore withdraw the U.S. from that body and presumably expel it from American shores; but not much less.

The British pride themselves on "a sensible recognition of facts." They have followed their long-established practice in recognizing the new government in Peking as being in effective control of mainland China, and seeking to restore the trade which is Britain's lifeblood. In spite of the humiliation of their diplomats, their missionaries and their business men, in spite of the *Amethyst*, in spite of the Peking-directed war carried on by the Communists in Malaya, in spite of the British soldiers killed in Korea, in spite of the glorious Gloucesters, the British don't consider themselves to be at war with Communist China.

There was a time, not so long ago, when any one of these things would have sent Britain to war or, much more likely, would have brought such a show of British power as to secure a quick apology. But the British have become used to being pushed around; they don't fight any more wars for Jenkin's Ear. Perhaps, in accusing the Americans of being belligerent and reckless, the British are a little sensitive over this: for the answer of some Americans to "reckless!" has been "appeaser!"

IT IS a serious failing in Anglo-American understanding that, during three years of fighting and two years of truce talks, the two nations have so signally failed to agree on a common policy towards China, though they knew this would be essential to a political settlement.

Not often do I find myself on the side of the stronger battalions. In this case, however, I have long felt that American views and policies on the Far East were receiving less understanding and respect than was their due. It seems to me that account must be taken of the fact that the United States, now the most powerful nation on earth, suffered great humiliation in "losing" China after World War II, and then on top of that being chased out of North Korea by the detested Chinese Communists in one of the worst routs in American military history, and being restrained by her UN allies from properly "punishing" the Chinese for this, as MacArthur and Van Fleet wished to do.

In disaster and humiliation the Americans did not use the atomic bomb, or threaten to use it, against the Chinese; nor did they strike at the Chinese cities, industries, railways or ports with "conventional" bombs, or even send an aircraft-carrier against Shanghai. And they consistently turned down the MacArthur - Van Fleet proposals for a new advance to the Yalu.

This lack of respect extends to American political policies, notably the support of the Chinese Nationalists on Formosa, but also the identification with Syngman Rhee in Korea and support of the French and Vietnamese in Indo-China. There is much to be said for the British view that this rigid containment of Communist China forces Peking into complete dependence on Moscow. But is there any assurance whatever that giving up these barricades would achieve any other result than allowing Peking and Moscow to gain control of all East Asia, and perhaps eventually of Japan and India?

WHAT possibility of compromise does that leave for Bermuda? If there is to be a Far Eastern settlement —and this is by no means certain— the Americans must agree to recognize Communist China and allow her to enter the UN. But the British must join in guarantees to an independent Formosa, as well as Indo-China and Korea; for disregarding the McCarthys, there is no reputable American leader who is ready to surrender these.

WILLSON WOODSIDE

Ottawa Letter

Pre-election Policies and Portents

NOW THE DIE has been cast and the date of the Federal election has been fixed for August 10. Mr. Drew and Mr. Coldwell both were justified in protesting against the choice of this date on the grounds that thousands of voters, who will be on holiday during August, will either not use their ballots or be put to great inconvenience to cast them, and that the preoccupation of the farmers with harvesting operations will mean a small rural vote. Mr. St. Laurent argues in reply that statistics about provincial elections held in August prove that they always produced about a normal vote.

The retirement of Mr. Fournier and Mr. Bradley from the Cabinet will not be a serious loss to it, and the political ingenuity of Mr. Pickersgill will be a useful reinforcement to it. But his promotion to ministerial rank is bound to cause much heartburning in the Liberal camp. Ministers who are aspirants for the Liberal leadership will see in him a very dangerous competitor; parliamentary under-secretaries who have been hoping for elevation will be aggrieved at being supplanted by a mere civil servant; and it will be a wonder if many Newfoundlanders take kindly to the implication that their island cannot produce a politician worthy of admission to the Cabinet.

In certain ministerial quarters, the Prime Minister's defence of Mr. Pickersgill's appointment, with its flavor of lavish eulogy, will have a very sour reception, for he described Mr. Pickersgill in so many words as the most indispensable man in his whole entourage. The intimation that Mr. Pickersgill will be relieved of some of his normal duties as Secretary of State in order that he may function as Mr. St. Laurent's assistant, suggests that he will soon be the second most influential member of the Cabinet and also be in an excellent position to stake out strong claims for the party leadership when it becomes vacant. A cat in a pigeon loft would be as popular as Mr. Pickersgill must be at the moment.

IT IS a strange paradox that the Liberal party is appealing for a fresh mandate at a time when some of the basic foundations of its policies are obviously crumbling.

The importance of the speech which Mr. Pearson delivered at Harvard University on June 11 entitled it to much more attention than it received from the newspapers of Canada. It is unthinkable that, when Mr. Pearson made his speech, he had not been fully apprised of the discussions at the conference of the Prime Ministers of the Commonwealth in London. So there must be a strong suspicion that Sir Winston Churchill, with the approval of the other Prime Ministers, delegated to Mr. Pearson the delicate task of intimating to the United States that, while the British nations are all agreed about the need for resisting Communist military aggression, they feel that the revolutionary ferment now visible in Asia demands other forms of treatment than armed force, and their cooperation for compassing the downfall of the Communist regimes in China and North Korea must not be counted upon.

A sharp divergence of policy on other issues than the problems of the Far East is also apparent. The British Government is convinced that the many gestures of conciliation recently made by the Communist bloc of nations are sincere, that no harm can result from a resolute effort to achieve some sort of concordat with them, and that for its consummation some concessions are necessary.

Apparently its view is shared, not only by other governments of the Commonwealth, but also by the leaders of most of the European democracies. But the Eisenhower administration seems committed to the policy of "liberating" the satellite countries now under the sway of Moscow and, unless Sir Winston Churchill can convert it at the coming conference in Bermuda, it will refuse to contemplate any concessions to the Communist bloc. Furthermore, it is making sharp cuts in its direct financial aid to European countries, and the ascendency of protectionist influences in the Republican party rules out reductions in American tariffs, which would let expansion of trade compensate for loss of aid. The result will be an aggravation of the difficulties of European countries in liquidating their debit balances with the United States; it will become absolutely vital for their economic salvation to establish profitable trade relations with the countries behind the Iron Curtain, and a political settlement would pave the way to trade.

Indeed, the Eisenhower administration, instead of trying to facilitate a greater inflow of imports, is actually moving to curtail them. It is an understatement to say that the St. Laurent Ministry is disturbed by the announcement of President Eisenhower that, if the present restrictions upon imports of dairy products lapse on June 30, he will use his executive powers to impose even higher barriers against them and possibly enlarge their scope.

This policy will bring grist to the mills of the Progressive Conservative party in the election. While the Liberals have persistently claimed credit for achieving trade relations with the United States which benefited many Canadian interests, the Progressive Conservatives have always contended that it was highly dangerous for Canada to become dependent upon a market which might suddenly be imperilled by political changes at Washington. So they will be able to claim that their forebodings have been justified, and that unless counsels of moderation prevail at Washington, there must be a new orientation for Canada's trade policy.

Unless the threatened cleavage between the United States and the nations of the Commonwealth can be averted, much larger issues will have to be faced. The idea that Canada, acting by herself, could stand up successfully against the pressure which her mighty neighbor can apply, will not bear examination; her only chance of escape from complete subservience to Washington would be to cooperate so closely with the policies of the countries of the Commonwealth that the United States would realize that it could not impose its will upon them.

The Liberal party under Mr. King and Mr. St. Laurent has always set its face against anything but the loosest possible form of coordination of policies for the Commonwealth, but this will not suffice to meet the situation now developing.

The issue should not be evaded in the election campaign. The leaders of the Liberal party should be pressed to chart the course they propose to adopt if the U.S. and the Commonwealth come to the parting of their ways. The Progressive Conservatives are in a much easier position in the matter; advocacy of the closest possible ties with Britain and the rest of the Commonwealth has been their traditional policy. But they are handicapped from sponsoring freer trade relations with our partner nations by their commitments on protection for domestic industries.

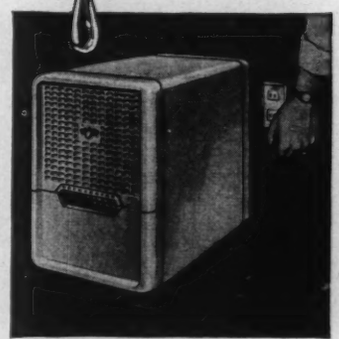
THE two old parties remain in bad odor with the voters of British Columbia. The hopes cherished by the Liberals that another new leader, Arthur Laing, would revive the battered fortunes of the party proved delusive. The only comfort available to the Liberals is that their plight is not quite so calamitous as that of the Progressive Conservatives, whose former supporters seem to have switched in droves to the Social Credit party.

Such a recession of support in a province which once was one of the chief strongholds of Conservatives in Canada, bodes ill for Mr. Drew in the Federal election; but numerous voters who wanted to give the Social Crediters a chance to form a stable Ministry may decide that it would be waste of their ballots to cast them in a Federal election for the same party, when it would only be a splinter group. Moreover, personality still counts in elections, and it is fortunate for Mr. Drew that he has three followers in British Columbia, General Pearkes, VC, Davie Fulton and Mr. Howard Green, who are well above average quality; they are popular in their constituencies and have, therefore, a reasonably good chance of holding their seats.

It is plain that neither of the two senior parties can reckon on anything but a small contingent of supporters from Alberta and British Columbia.

JOHN A. STEVENSON

STOP MOISTURE DAMAGE FOR GOOD!



Only 18¼" high—20½" long—11¾" wide

Just plug in the amazing

FRIGIDAIRE Electric Dehumidifier

Positively controls moisture in linen closets, basements, playrooms, bank vaults, workshops, warehouses—or any closed area up to 8,000 cu. ft. where moisture is a problem.

Plug the Dehumidifier into any convenient outlet and presto—your moisture worries are over for good! Fan circulates moist air over refrigerated coil. Moisture is condensed and collected in container. May be connected to drain. Dry filtered air flows into room.

See your Frigidaire Dealer for further details. Or write for free folder to Frigidaire Products of Canada Limited, Scarborough (Toronto 13), Ontario.

Built and backed by General Motors

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY COMPANY

Dividend Notice

At a meeting of the Board of Directors held today a dividend of seventy-five cents per share on the Ordinary Capital Stock was declared in respect of the year 1953, payable in Canadian funds on August 1, 1953, to shareholders of record at 3.30 p.m. on June 19, 1953.

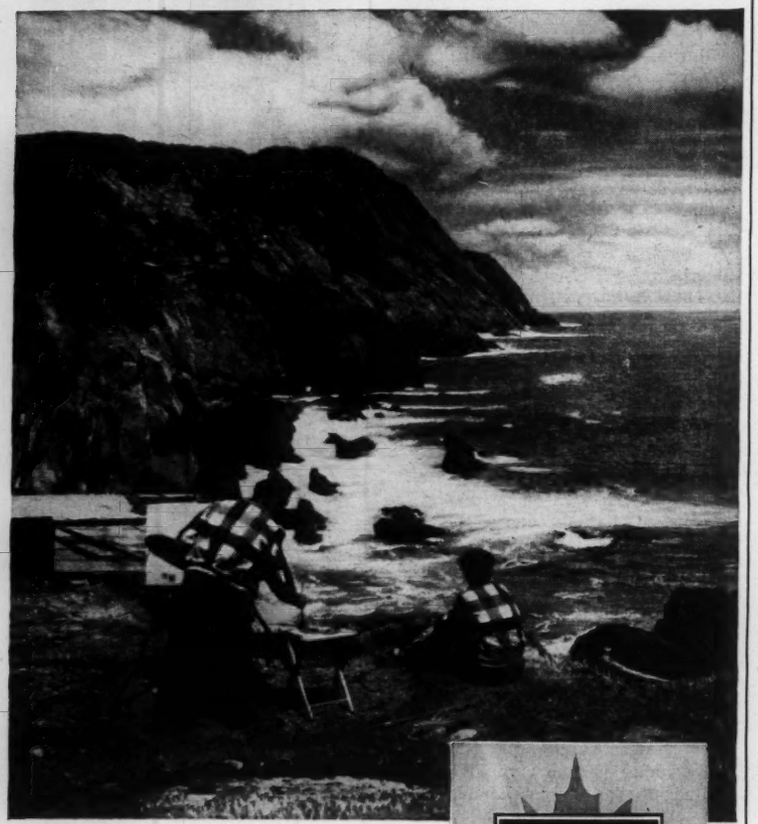
By order of the Board.

FREDERICK BRAMLEY,
Secretary.

Montreal, June 8, 1953.

Sun, Surf and Scenery in Canada's

Provinces by the Sea



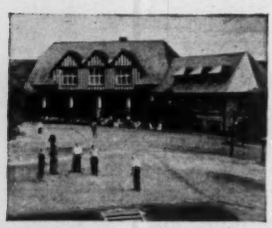
Here's a peaceful, pleasant world . . . the forests, the rivers and verdant valleys of New Brunswick. The cliffs and coves and fishing ports of Nova Scotia. The beaches and dunes of garden-like Prince Edward Island. The rough-hewn charm of sea-girt Newfoundland (above). Canadian National serves them all and will gladly help you with your plans. 'We'll tell you where and take you there.'

CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS

THE ONLY RAILWAY SERVING ALL TEN PROVINCES

see Canada and see it by

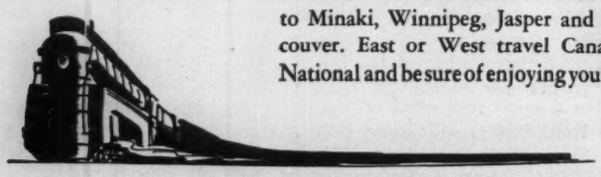
Canadian National



If your travel plans include Ontario enjoy the pleasantly informal life at Canadian National's Minaki Lodge. Summer sports and excellent accommodations.

Canadian National's Ocean Limited, The Scotian and Maritime Express offer convenient and attractive service between Montreal and the Provinces by the Sea — with wide choice of accommodations. Excellent dining car meals.

Equally attractive service is afforded by Canadian National's Continental Limited from Montreal and Toronto to Minaki, Winnipeg, Jasper and Vancouver. East or West travel Canadian National and be sure of enjoying yourself.



Travel

Unlimited Holiday Horizons

"WHERE SHALL we go and what shall we do for our vacation this year?" It is a perennial question. But whatever you have a yen to do—ride, swim or fish; to go yachting, cruising or roughing it while exploring the trails; perhaps simply do nothing but laze in the sun—it's easy in Canada.

From the fjord-like inlets of British Columbia, across the towering glacier-scarred Rocky Mountains, to the forests, streams and sandy beaches of the Atlantic, each of the ten provinces has its own appeal.

In Newfoundland, picturesque names recall the days when the British, French, Spanish and Portuguese competed for the rich fishing waters off the island's rugged coast. The interior is a network of rivers and lakes where salmon and trout abound.

Nova Scotia is a land of legends. Hundreds of sandy beaches and rocky coves make the coast a constant delight. Inland there are farms, forests, trout streams and history. There are more white-tail deer per square mile in Nova Scotia than anywhere else on the continent, but they are protected. Sword-fish and tuna are special attractions for the angler.

In historic New Brunswick, with its great variety of fish-laden waterways, Fundy National Park is one of the favorite vacation areas. The Restigouche, the Tidal Bore, the Miramichi—they are names of holiday magic.

Prince Edward Island, with its red soil and sandy beaches, has a well-deserved reputation for holiday hospitality. Its story is replete with history and adventure. Salmon swim nearly all its rivers, and rainbow trout can be caught almost within the shadow of bustling Charlottetown, the provincial capital.

Quebec, the New World's Normandy, has the appeal of a bilingual culture against a background of ancient customs, handicrafts and communities. The Laurentian mountain area is an all-season vacation-land.

With over a hundred million acres of timberland and more than 750,000 lakes, Ontario has 52 distinct holiday areas. The province, stretching north to Hudson Bay and south to Windsor, has a variety which baffles description.

Warm sunshine and refreshingly cool nights enhance Manitoba's vacation appeal. Its lakes and streams, parks and forest areas, make the province a natural playground, while visitors to Churchill can explore the ruins of Canada's most northern fortress. You can even get a special permit to hunt white whales in Hudson Bay.

Saskatchewan has earned an international reputation for its wheat, but above the wheat fields are countless lakes and rivers full of game fish, including the Arctic grayling. There are bear, deer, antelope and wolves in the woodlands and brush country for the hunting seasons. Prince Albert National Park is a particularly delightful holiday area.

Ranches are part of Alberta's life, and the Calgary Stampede highlights the province's summer attractions. There are over a score of dude ranches in Alberta offering accommodation, riding and entertainment. Banff and Jasper National Parks are justly famed.

Mountain ranges, coastal inlets and quiet countryside happily combine in

BC Travel Bureau

SWEEPING RIVERS, majestic mountains and quiet countryside are attractions of the West Coast. The famed Skeena River is one of BC's vacation lures.

British Columbia. Skiing and golfing are year-round sports in its equable climate, while fish and game make it a sportsman's paradise.

Highways

THERE are more than half a million miles of highway in Canada; over 250,000 are surfaced, ranging from two-lane, crushed stone country roads, to the four-lane super-highways. Thoughts of visiting islands should not be discouraged; automobile ferries connect Vancouver Island, Newfoundland, Cape Breton Island and Prince Edward Island with the mainland. In Ontario, highways wind northward, through forest land dotted with thousands of lakes, taking you to places with such lilting names as Kawartha, Timagami, Nipissing and Manitoulin. Eastward the highways lead from Montreal to Quebec City, around the Gaspé Peninsula and down into the picturesque Atlantic provinces.

Others wind westward to Winnipeg, across broad prairies to the Rockies and still further west to the Pacific. For the driver in quest of high adventure, there is the Alaska Highway, which crawls upwards towards the top of the world. Its official gateway is Dawson Creek, British Columbia, and the highway snakes for 1,523 miles through unspoiled wilderness.

Perhaps the most scenic highway in Eastern Canada is the Cabot Trail on Cape Breton Island. It is 187 miles of pageantry by road, with plenty of fascinating little side-trips for the curious. But through all of Canada's National Parks run many fine highways, constantly being broadened and resurfaced. Few of the hazards usually associated with mountain driving are found in the Rocky and Selkirk Mountains. Peaks are scaled in a series of easy switchbacks, with grades rarely exceeding 1 in 3.

Food

STANDARDS of food are high, thanks to the efforts in recent years of tourist promotion agencies and the Canadian Restaurant Association.

Provinces have their own distinctive dishes. British Columbia has Lion's Gate pancakes, served with hot applesauce and whipped cream. Quebec has its famed pea soup and also Laurentian family soup, served with thin slices of French bread. In Newfoundland, when the season is right, you can get seal-flipper pie. Local specialties can be astonishingly good, even for the gourmet. In Charlottetown you can buy a pail of Prince Edward Island's famed Malpeque oysters for around 25 cents from local vendors, and some of the smaller restaurants serve a meal of these delicacies for 50 cents.

Accommodation

NEARLY 6,000 hotels throughout the country cater to the most fastidious visitor. They range from the sophisticated hostelries to the unpretentious but hospitable small town inns. Motels have developed fast, and there is an abundance of tourist homes in cities and towns. Some of the new motels are as luxurious as can be found anywhere, with broadloom carpets, modern furniture, electrical fixtures and plumbing. Some even boast such reassuring features as resident physicians and baby sitters.

There is plenty of specialized accommodation too, including resort and hunting lodges and fishing camps. Sites are available everywhere for tent or trailer parties.

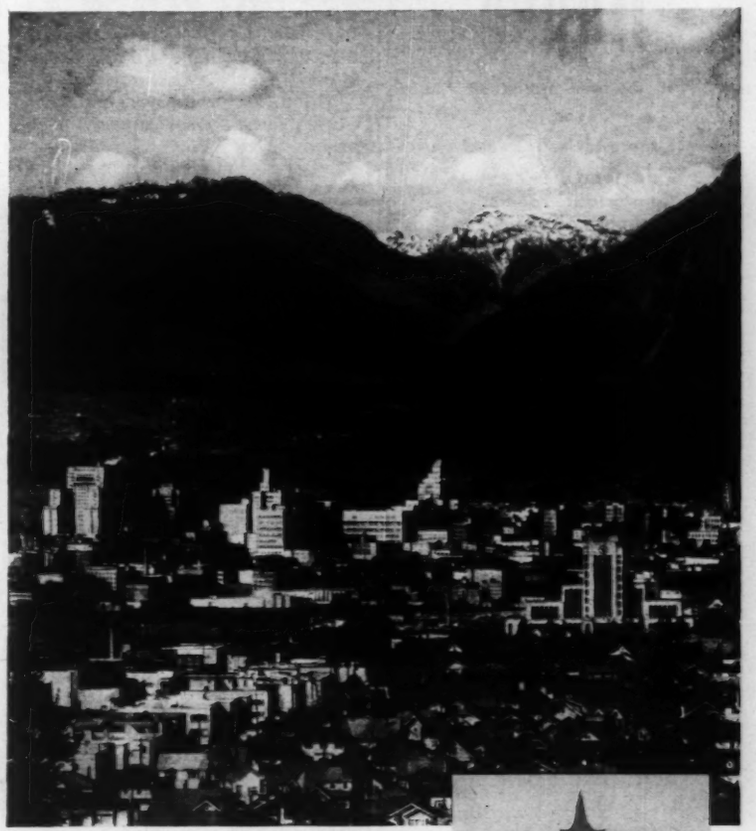
Fishing

CANADA is a fisherman's paradise. The salmon rivers of British Columbia teem with the Cohoe and Tyee, while fighting Kamloops salmon, cutthroat and rainbow trout abound in many of the lakes and streams of the interior. Rocky Mountain whitefish, Dolly Varden, speckled, rainbow and Kamloops trout are found in the rushing streams in the Alberta Rockies, fed by glacial ice and mountain snow. The lakes and rivers of Saskatchewan harbor pike, pickerel, perch, whitefish, Arctic grayling, goldeye

Nova Scotia Information Bureau

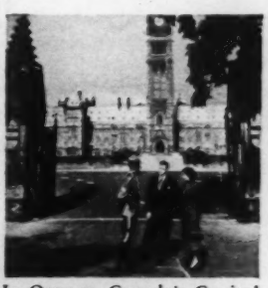
PICTURESQUE fishing ports dot the scenic coast of Nova Scotia. Above is a view of Lunenburg, where the Fisheries Exhibition will be held in September.

Visit Canada's
Colorful Cities



Exciting experiences await you in Canada's interesting, colorful cities... each has its own individuality. You'll enjoy every minute of your stay in Vancouver (above), Canada's gateway to the Orient, Edmonton, fastest growing Canadian city, Winnipeg where East and West meet, Toronto (home of the world's greatest annual fair), cosmopolitan Montreal, romantic Quebec, and other historic Eastern cities.

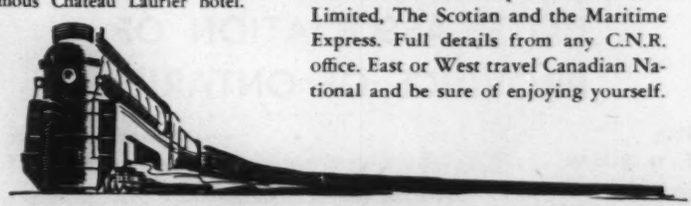
CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS
THE ONLY RAILWAY SERVING ALL TEN PROVINCES



In Ottawa, Canada's Capital, stand the peace tower and Houses of Parliament (above), a sight worth seeing. Nearby is the famous Chateau Laurier hotel.

see Canada and see it by
Canadian National

Travel the scenic way on Canadian National's Continental Limited between Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto, Minaki, Winnipeg, Saskatoon, Edmonton, Jasper and Vancouver. There is a wide choice of accommodations, excellent dining car meals. To the Provinces - by - the - Sea there's the fast dependable Ocean Limited, The Scotian and the Maritime Express. Full details from any C.N.R. office. East or West travel Canadian National and be sure of enjoying yourself.



Enjoy your holidays at . . . .

Windermere House

On the famous Muskoka Lakes

★

Check these for a fine vacation:—

- √ **Fine food**
- √ **Comfortable rooms**
- √ **18-hole golf course**
- √ **Swimming**
- √ **Tennis**
- √ **Dancing**
- √ **Sunday evening entertainment**
- √ **Boats of all kinds**
- √ **Summer theatre**

All these things and more are on hand for you at Windermere House.

Space still available early and late season.

Open until September 14th.

Rates from $42.50 wk. double, $56.00 wk. single.

For reservations and information write or telephone to Windermere House Ltd., Windermere, Muskoka, Ontario or ask Mr. Foster Travel Service in Simpson's or Ontario Motor League.

and many species of trout, while Manitoba has mooneye, sauger, black bass and pike, as well as trout of all description. Ontario has large and small-mouth bass, speckled, brown and rainbow trout, and muskellunge. Quebec has all of these plus ouananiche. In Nova Scotia's coastal waters the emphasis is on swordfish and giant blue-fin tuna. Less spectacular, but no less inviting, are the more than first rate trout, striped bass and salmon streams in this province.

The Restigouche River, one of the world's finest salmon streams, is the pride of New Brunswick, with many other black and striped bass, landlocked salmon and speckled trout streams to lure the inveterate angler.

Prince Edward Island combines the well-stocked speckled and rainbow trout streams with the charm of its quiet countryside. P.E.I. has some of the finest deep sea fishing in the world.

In Newfoundland, a whole new vista is open to the adventurous angler. Silvery Atlantic salmon and sea trout abound in its tumbling waters, while speckled and rainbow trout in the less accessible lakes and streams are yet to be disturbed by the fisherman's cast.

Canoeing and Camping

FOR THOSE who seek canoeing and camping, there are routes blazed 300 years ago by the voyageur and the fur trader and jaunts first made by the Indian in his birch bark canoe. For the less adventurous there are charted canoe trips through many resort districts. Those inexperienced in roughing it in the northlands will find the services of a guide useful; he is usually a skilled riverman and woodsman who knows the best fishing and camp locations, and is familiar with the waters and forests.

NFB

ONE of the locks on the Rideau Canal, scenic summer waterway.

There is something special about summertime. The sunshine is bright but not baking. The air is warm but tempered with cooling breezes. Every province has its share of beaches. There are usually dozens within easy reach of most of the larger cities, with swimming, canoeing, yachting facilities close at hand. They offer a perfect family vacation where children can play happily and safely.

For those planning a hiking holiday the possibilities are almost endless. You can wander along the leafy byways of the old Maritime Provinces, rediscover rural Quebec with its ox-carts, outdoor ovens and handlooms, pause in the pleasant Niagara fruit belt, or gaze upon the Peace Tower of the Parliament Buildings at Ottawa. To the west are the sweep of the Prairies, the trails of the Rockies and the spectacular scenery of Vancouver Island. Chains of youth hostels have been established in many favorite scenic, historic and recreational areas and provide low-cost accommodation.

Sailing

CRUISE SHIPS, motorboats, private cabin cruisers and yachts sail through the network of waterways where the St. Lawrence and the Great Lakes together form the world's largest inland navigation system. The Saguenay River, flowing into the St. Lawrence below the city of Quebec, attracts thousands of enthusiasts each year.

Inland sailing is popular on smaller lakes. The Lake of Bays, Muskoka Lakes, Lake of the Woods, Lake Nipissing, the Kawartha Lakes, Lake Winnipeg and the Kootenay, Arrow and Okanagan Lakes are recommended.

Historical Sites

THERE ARE many shrines and historic sites which deserve attention. Ste. Anne de Beaupré, 22 miles from Quebec, is one of North America's oldest and best-known places of pilgrimage. The first shrine there, a modest wooden chapel, was erected some 300 years ago, the result of a vow by Breton sailors.

The Martyr's Shrine near Midland, Ontario, stands in the grounds of the old Fort Ste. Marie, the fortified home of the Jesuit missionaries who ministered to 30,000 Huron Indians from 1625 to 1694.

Many of the National Parks mark the sites of outstanding historical events in Canadian history, preserving ancient buildings and monuments which commemorate the colorful past. Port Royal, Fort Anne and the Fortress of Louisbourg in Nova Scotia, Fort Beausejour in New Brunswick, Forts Chambly and Lennox in Quebec and Forts Wellington and Malden in Ontario are fine examples of national historic parks. Fort Prince of Wales, at Churchill, Manitoba, is the most northerly fortress. Lower Fort Garry, near Winnipeg, became a national historic park in 1950. A new park is Fort Battlefield in Saskatchewan.

A tourist's vacation horizons are unlimited in Canada.

FOR A FRESH START—
—STOP AT A HOTEL

The comfort, convenience and personal service of a Hotel will add to the enjoyment of your holiday travels.

HOTEL ASSOCIATION OF PROVINCE OF ONTARIO

Pres. F. N. ROSAR

Managing Director J. R. CORBETT

KING EDWARD HOTEL, TORONTO 1

Sunset Hotel

Goderich, Ontario

Season — June 27 until September 8

- **Relax or play in cool comfort**
- **Brick construction • Central heating**
- **Enjoy the tempting cuisine**
- **Recommended by Duncan Hines**

Weekly rates including meals, from $53.00 single; $47.50 to $65.00 each (double). Literature on request. For choice of accommodation, make your reservation now.

Only 45 miles from the Stratford Shakespearean Festival.

AAA

OVERLOOKING LAKE HURON

Enjoy your Holiday
at
ELGIN HOUSE
MUSKOKA

Just 135 Miles North of Toronto (Excellent Roads)

Unsurpassed facilities for vacation enjoyment — Golf — Lawn Bowling— Tennis — Swimming — Boating — complete relaxation. First class accommodation for 300.

SPECIAL DISCOUNT of 10% up to July 11th for guests staying one week or more.

Write today for attractive new folder to:
The Manager
ELGIN HOUSE, MUSKOKA, ONT.

A Land Of Lakes

IT'S NOT by chance that so many residents of Ontario are swimmers, fishermen or boat owners. Opportunity counts for a lot, and for people in Ontario the opportunity takes the form of such an abundance of lakes that it is difficult to find any part of the province which is more than two hours' drive from some inland waterway.

Let's assume that you are starting out to view the Province from its provincial capital, Toronto, with its million people. You've exhausted such local attractions as exist between the 400 conventions per year, the Canadian International Trade Fair (early June) and the world's biggest event of its kind, the Canadian National Exhibition (this year: Aug. 28-Sept. 12).

You have seen all these things, and you want to go further afield.

Lake Ontario, of course, has its own resorts, all linked by good roads. Open up an Ontario map and look at the country between Simcoe in the West and Ottawa to the North-east; it is splattered with lakes as though a careless painter, bored with depicting the broad stretches of blue to the South and West, had casually flicked his brush on to the page.

In this province, all lakes are attractive. True, most have their quota of summer cottages which flank the water's edge like the crust which remains round a pie dish when the pastry is eaten. But even in the populated areas there is plenty of room for everybody — and plenty of lakes.

The three giants — Erie, Huron and Ontario — could each be reached from, say Stratford, within a couple of hours' driving. A tourist could visit all three in a gigantic scenic drive round the Niagara peninsula, along the North shore of Erie, through Windsor and Wallaceburg to Sarnia, up the eastern coast of Huron, and through Owen Sound and Collingwood before turning south again for home.

Nearer to Ontario's capital is Lake Simcoe, a highly-developed vacation area easily accessible up the Barrie highway, but for those who like their country more rugged there is the Bruce Peninsula and Manitoulin Island, where in recent years archaeologists have found some of the oldest relics of life on this continent.

There are historic spots, too—Fort Wellington at Prescott, a vivid reminder of the days when the international boundary bristled with fortifications, and the Martyrs' Shrine near Midland.

Possibly the most historic of all is the scenic water route up the Ottawa River which famed French explorer Champlain took three centuries ago. A mere hop, skip and a jump from where the river widens at Pembroke is the Algonquin Provincial Park, a paradise for sportsmen and vacationers.

Roads and railways fan in every direction across Ontario, carrying 60 per cent of all the tourist traffic in Canada to vacation areas too numerous to be mentioned in limited space.

Invite your friends to visit ONTARIO this year!

Join in the excitement of inviting your friends to come to ONTARIO—Canada's All Year Vacation Province.

Let a postcard or letter be your personal invitation now to friends in other parts of Canada or in the United States to visit ONTARIO. Ask them to enjoy a real family holiday where accommodation is good and rates are easy on the vacation budget.

ONTARIO offers hundreds of attractions which will appeal to any taste. Visitors can be assured of heart-warming hospitality with memorable happy holiday experiences wherever they choose to go amid ONTARIO'S 52 Vacation Areas.

Your Department of Travel and Publicity will send illustrated literature to your friends with your compliments if you fill in and mail the coupon below.

Clip this advertisement now and send it with a note suggesting an ONTARIO vacation

Free

ONTARIO TRAVEL, ROOM 506A,
67 COLLEGE ST., TORONTO, ONT.

PLEASE SEND WITH MY COMPLIMENTS FREE MAP AND INFORMATION ABOUT ONTARIO TO:
(PLEASE PRINT)

NAME .....
ADDRESS .....
CITY ..... PROV. OR STATE .....
MY NAME IS .....
ADDRESS .....

For a Mountain of FUN...

HOLIDAY at BANFF

For a mountain of holiday fun come to Banff and Lake Louise in the spectacular Canadian Rockies. Enjoy thrilling mile-high golf, dancing, swimming, boating, hiking and trail riding. Your holiday begins when you board your comfortable, air-conditioned Canadian Pacific train. Choice of accommodation from berths to drawing rooms and, too, delicious meals.

Information and reservations from any Canadian Pacific office or your own Travel Agent.

Canadian Pacific

Summer Calendar

Alberta

Calgary Stampede: July 6-11, Calgary.
Edmonton Exhibition and Horse Races: July 13-18, Edmonton.
Banff Indian Days: July 16-19, Banff.
21st Annual Summer Session of Banff School of Fine Arts featuring, Theatre, Ballet and Rhythmics, Painting, Music, Handicrafts, Oral French, Playwriting, and Short Story, Radio Writing and Radio Technique and Photography: July 6-August 15, Banff.
Alberta Open Golf Tournament: September 5-7, Edmonton.
Trail Riders of the Canadian Rockies: Trail Ride No. 1, July 17-21 incl. Trail Ride No. 2, July 24-29 incl.
Skyline Trail Hikers of the Canadian Rockies: 21st Annual five-day camp, August 1-5 incl.

British Columbia

Pacific National Exhibition: August 26-September 7, Vancouver.
Peach Festival: August 20-22, Penticton.
The Vancouver Civic Theatre presents Theatre Under the Stars nightly at 8:30 (except Sunday): "Rose Marie", July 6-11; "The Desert Song", July 13-18; "Song of Norway", July 20-August 1; "Carousel", August 3 - August 22, Malkin Bowl, Stanley Park.
Highland Games: July 18, Victoria.
47th International Regatta: July 30-August 1, Kelowna.
Caledonian Games: August 1, Brockton Point, Stanley Park.

Manitoba

First Annual Western Canada Trade Fair and Provincial Exhibition: June 29-July 3, Brandon.
Winnipeg Jockey Club: August 29-September 5, Winnipeg.
Manitoba Jockey Club: September 7-14, Winnipeg.

New Brunswick

Grand Manan Hospital Fair: July 22-26, North Head.
Fredericton Air Show: August 15, Fredericton Airport.
Annual Chicken Barbecue: July 1, Fredericton Experimental Station.
Memramcook Strawberry Festival: July 4-5, St. Joseph.
Shediac Lobster Festival: July 15-18, Shediac.
Woodstock Old Home Week: July 27-August 1, Woodstock.
Blessing of the Fleet: July 12, Lameque.

Newfoundland

Annual Regatta: First Week August, St. John's.

Nova Scotia

Natal Day Celebration: August 3, Annapolis Royal.
Natal Day Celebrations: August 5, Dartmouth.
Halifax Natal Day Celebrations: August 10, Halifax.
Labor Day Celebrations: September 7, Halifax.
Fishermen's Memorial Service: September 20, Lunenburg.
N.S. Fisheries Exhibition and Fishermen's Reunion: September 15-19, Lunenburg.
Old Home Week, Maritime Firemen's Tournament, Street Dances, Dog Show, Yacht Races: July 12-19, Lunenburg.
Antigonish Highland Games: July 22, Antigonish.
Prince of Wales Trophy Ocean Yacht Race: July 25-29, Halifax.

Ontario

Canadian Lakehead Exhibition: August 10-15, Port Arthur and Fort William.
Central Canada Exhibition: August 22-29, Ottawa.
Canadian National Exhibition: August 28-September 12, Toronto.
Niagara Grape Festival: September 26, St. Catharines.
Earle Grey Players present: "Much Ado About Nothing", July 1-11; "The Winter's Tale", July 13-18; "As You Like It", July 20-August 1, Trinity College, Toronto.
Shakespearean Festival: Presenting Alec Guinness in "Richard III" and "All's Well That Ends Well". The plays will be performed on alternate nights with a matinee on Saturday, July 13-August 8, Stratford.
Henley Regatta: July 22-25, St. Catharines.
Can. Canoe Assn. Championships: August 1, Ottawa.
Ontario Amateur Golf Championship: August 5-8, Brantford.
Highland Games: August 15, Victoria Park, Fergus; July 1, Embro.

Prince Edward Island

Scots Gathering: July 29, Montague.
Old Home Week and Provincial Exhibition: August 10-15, Charlottetown.

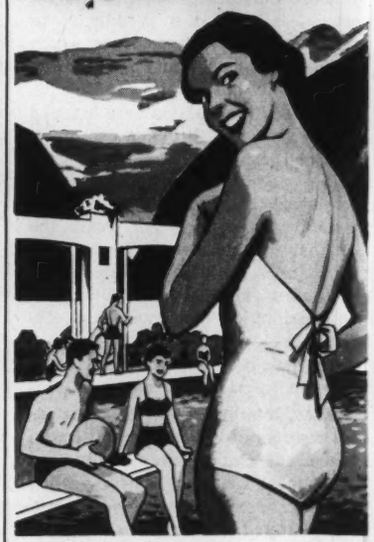
Quebec

Great Eastern Exhibition: August 29-September 4, Sherbrooke.
Quebec Provincial Exhibition: September 4-13, Quebec.
Le Centre d'Art Vacation Courses' Ballet, Singing, Painting, Ceramics, Sewing, Woodcarving, Tapestry weaving: July 13-August 22, Ste.-Adele.
Ste.-Adele Horse Show: July 17-19, Lee Side Stables, Ste.-Adele.
Laurentian Open Golf Tournament: July 25, St. Margaret's Golf & Country Club.
Fall Fashion Show: August 29, Alpine Inn, Ste. Marguerite.

Saskatchewan

Saskatoon Exhibition: July 20-25, Saskatoon.
Regina Agricultural Exhibition: July 27-August 1, Regina.
North Battleford Fair: August 3-5, North Battleford.
Prince Albert Fair: August 6-8, Prince Albert.

HIGH SPOT FOR A HOLIDAY



Lake Louise in the Rockies

Your comfort is the keynote at the Chateau Lake Louise . . . from the glass-enclosed swimming pool to wonderful meals, service and sightseeing. All facilities for *your* favourite sport, from sturdy mountain-climbing ponies to tennis courts and canoes. *Plan it now!*

TRAVEL BY TRAIN

Information and reservations from any Canadian Pacific office or your own Travel Agent.

Canadian Pacific

Folk-Lore and Friendliness

NEW BRUNSWICK is a province of surprises. It has a river that, in one place, appears to reverse its flow, a magnetic hill where a stream seems to run uphill and a car coasting downhill will appear to be going up, a natural sand bar that is the second longest in the world, the longest covered bridge in the world, and the British Commonwealth's largest dry dock.

The people live friendly, unhurried lives in a province that has a 600-mile coastline of sandy beaches, secluded coves and jagged cliffs washed by the Atlantic rollers. Their towns and villages are framed by rolling hills, forests and lush meadows.

The Restigouche River is the world's greatest salmon stream. Fantastic sums bid at the famous auction of fishing rights to its salmon pools support that claim. Some tourist guides are not impressed with the Restigouche's fame, and insist that the Miramichi's salmon and pools are superior. In the midst of New Brunswick's calm life, this feud goes on year by year, the argument swelling each year as more visitors arrive.

New Brunswick, with its 12 million acres of woodland, is considered one of the continent's best hunting areas. The large unbroken tracts of the interior provide excellent hunting in season. The variety for the sportsman extends from white-water canoeing to play on championship golf courses.

There are fine hotels, tourist homes and cabins at the many beach colonies: New Mills, Bathurst, Bay du Vin, Point du Chene, and St. Andrews-by-the-Sea, one of North America's best-known ocean retreats. Here the Algonquin Hotel and the famous golf course are major attractions.

Tourists like the warm hospitality of the New Brunswickers who believe in taking time to live—and tell yarns. Visitors take away with them a store of folk-lore—tales of such things as the phantom ship of the Bay Chaleur, and the Dungarvon Whooper, a famous ghost.

For food, New Brunswick offers unexcelled lobster, clams, oysters, salmon, trout, herring and sardines, and a native green, Fiddleheads.

The industries have been shaped from the forest, soil and sea and the chief exports are pulp and paper, lumber, coal, fish, chemicals from peat moss, pottery and potatoes.

VACATION TIME IS

fun

IN NEW BRUNSWICK CANADA

Fun-packed New Brunswick offers you the holiday of a lifetime! Broad paved highways will lead you to some of the most spectacular scenery in Canada. Excellent hotel and tourist accommodation wherever you go. You'll discover in this fascinating land some of nature's most intriguing oddities. Golf, bathing, tennis—all sports every sun-filled day. Cool, restful sleep every night.

WRITE FOR FREE BOOKLET ON A NEW BRUNSWICK HOLIDAY TODAY!

AIR-CONDITIONED NEW BRUNSWICK IS RAGWEED CONTROLLED

The Director, 1462SN
New Brunswick Travel Bureau,
Fredericton, New Brunswick, Canada.

Please send me free illustrated brochure on a New Brunswick Holiday.

Name .....

Address .....

City or Town ..... Prov. .....

Once upon a time...

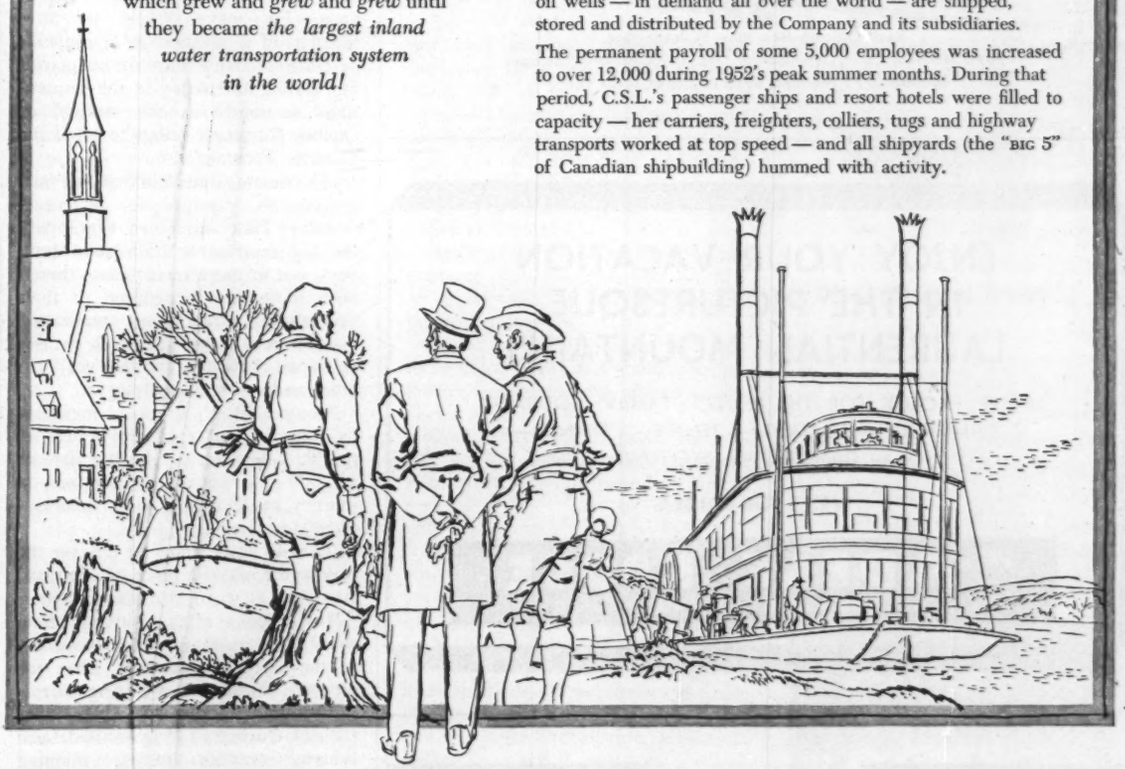
there were two little river boats which grew and *grew* and *grew* until they became *the largest inland water transportation system in the world!*

Over 100 years ago, in a tiny village on the banks of the Richelieu, a group of Quebec farmers, seeking a way to get their produce to the Montreal market, subscribed enough money to build a small vessel and barge. From that modest beginning, the little shipping system expanded until it became *the world's largest inland water transportation, shipbuilding and shipping company.* It's the organization known today as CANADA STEAMSHIP LINES LIMITED.

From the head of the Great Lakes to the Gulf of St. Lawrence, the company operates on a two-thousand-mile water route — a vital link with the highways and byways which network the continent.

Paced by the tremendous forward surge that Canada is taking in world affairs, C.S.L. is expanding steadily. Vast quantities of wealth from our mines, grain fields, forests and oil wells — in demand all over the world — are shipped, stored and distributed by the Company and its subsidiaries.

The permanent payroll of some 5,000 employees was increased to over 12,000 during 1952's peak summer months. During that period, C.S.L.'s passenger ships and resort hotels were filled to capacity — her carriers, freighters, colliers, tugs and highway transports worked at top speed — and all shipyards (the "BIG 5" of Canadian shipbuilding) hummed with activity.



And here's a log of C.S.L.'s 1952 activity

The Company's three passenger ships and two resort hotels accommodated over 100,000 passengers and guests.

Six tugs, in operation from break-up to freeze-up manoeuvred some 1500 (foreign and domestic) ships in and out of port.

Five self-unloading colliers delivered — for C.S.L.'s own coal company as well as for twenty-eight other companies — over 2,300,000 tons of coal, during the eight-month period.

Twenty package freight carriers (all with side doors to speed dockside loading) carried 1,000,000 tons of freight, while twenty-seven bulk freighters, compartmented for different cargoes, handled 100,000,000 bushels of grain, 2,400,000 tons of iron ore, and 4,600,000 tons of coal — *in each case exceeding shipments of the same products by any other Canadian company.*

Eight coal docks and eleven freight terminals were clearing centres for some 750,000 tons of coal, and 1,000,000 tons of freight respectively, while the Company's two grain elevators handled 45,000,000 bushels of grain.

In addition, an 800 unit fleet of highway transports travelled some 5,000,000 miles on year-round service.

And last — but by no means least — the "BIG 5" of Canadian shipbuilding (which includes Davie Shipbuilding & Repairing Co. Ltd., at Lauzon, Que., and Canadian Shipbuilding & Engineering Co. Ltd., with subsidiary company yards at Kingston, Midland, Collingwood and Port Arthur, Ont.) established a new Canadian record in tonnage of ships built, overhauled and repaired.

CANADA STEAMSHIP LINES LIMITED
759 VICTORIA SQUARE, MONTREAL

Branch Offices in principal cities in Canada and the United States and in London and Liverpool, England.

Don't waste time getting there! Quebec's northland offers fabulous hunting and fishing; splendidly equipped camps await you; Wheeler Airlines will take you there in speed and comfort.

A pioneer in bush and sportsman flying, Wheeler Airlines, Canada's oldest existing air service, also provides extensive freight and transport facilities to Canada's vast Northland.

For information, write F. H. "Tom" Wheeler, president.

Wheeler Airlines

Head Office & Main Base: St. Jovite, Que.
Bases: Montreal, Clova, Chibougamau, Que.; Northwest River, Labrador.
HArbour 2772 (Montreal direct line) or St. Jovite 466.

ENJOY YOUR VACATION IN THE PICTURESQUE LAURENTIAN MOUNTAINS

EVERY FACILITY FOR THE PERFECT FAMILY HOLIDAY—
SWIMMING — BOATING — TENNIS — RIDING —
FISHING — DANCING — EXCELLENT CUISINE

WRITE FOR FOLDER

STE. ADELE LODGE
STE. ADELE P.Q.

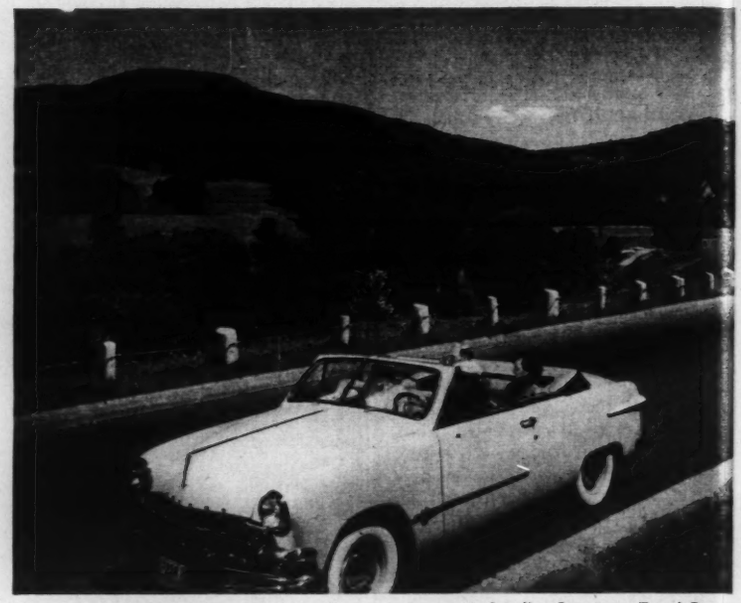
OPENS JUNE 26

15 minutes from Quebec City — Quebec's newest all year round Resort Hotel — All rooms with bath and shower — Every facility for the perfect vacation — Private Beach - Swimming Pool - Tennis - Boating - Excellent Cuisine - Ideal for the family.

Write for Descriptive Folder

Chateau Lac Beauport

Lac Beauport, P.Q.



Canadian Government Travel Bureau

MOTORING in Quebec's lovely Laurentians

A MERE one hour's drive from Montreal are the fabled Laurentians. For many people, the first mention of a vacation in *la province de Quebec* conjures up visions of riding, fishing and skiing in the Laurentians as surely as the thought of Quebec City itself brings to mind the Chateau Frontenac.

The mountainous 2,000-square mile sportsmen's paradise is deservedly popular. Time was when winter was the big season for Laurentian holidays, but in more recent years there's been increasing recognition of their year-round attraction—a realization that has been reflected in such phrases as "open 365 days in the year" in hotel and resort advertising.

Montreal itself, an island metropolis rising in tiers from the waters of the St. Lawrence, can be the start of an 800-mile voyage to the sea, a journey made regularly by luxurious river steamers.

Trois-Rivieres, the first city on the way to the sea, is a place of contrasts. At river's edge are fine port facilities; a few blocks away, winding, tree-shaded streets retain the atmosphere of the early 17th century when the city was founded as a trading post.

Continuing down-river we enter the old Quebec of "high-roofed farm houses, outdoor ovens, spinning wheels and a tempo of life as gentle as it was in the days of the lords of the manor", as the province's official guide book describes it.

Quebec City, the oldest city in Canada (founded by French explorer Champlain in 1608) and the scene of two Churchill-Roosevelt conferences, is best seen from one of the touring caleches whose bilingual drivers have an almost inexhaustible fund of information about the sights.

Another drive—around the lovely Ile d'Orleans, 10 miles further down-river—can also be an unforgettable experience.

Farther along is the mouth of the Saguenay, one of the continent's most interesting rivers. Travelling up its course from Tadoussac through a 900-foot deep gorge, you will see sights which have thrilled travellers for hundreds of years.

A few miles down the St. Lawrence from Tadoussac is a passenger ferry. Take it and land at Trois-Pistoles. *Voila!* you are on the Gaspe Peninsula. Its rugged beauty will entrance you; but it is Saint-Flavie, 50 miles further north on Highway 10, that is regarded as the true gateway to Gaspe.

Bienvenus à Québec

Yes indeed, you are welcome in La Province de Québec—where the bustle of metropolitan Montréal contrasts with the fortifications of Québec, North America's only walled City. Tour over magnificent highways through the picturesque, historic towns and villages of French-Canada. Enjoy the magnificent fishing in Québec's countless lakes and rivers. You will be welcomed with old-time hospitality in comfortable modern inns and hotels.

For free road maps and booklets, write: Provincial Publicity Bureau, Parliament Buildings, Québec City, Canada; or 48 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N.Y.

LA PROVINCE DE Québec

The Literary Life

Then There's the Other Side

SHORTLY AFTER my book was published I opened a bank account. It was a gesture of sheer bravado, indicative of the endearing, if not enduring, optimism of young writers.

The bank teller came to the question "Occupation" on the form. "Writer," I said firmly. He paused and smiled patiently at what he obviously considered a feeble joke. The pause lengthened. Finally he looked up to meet my stern glare. "Writer?" he echoed. "You really want to put 'writer' as an occupation?" When I nodded, his smile was kindly, but I left the bank feeling like someone refused admission to an exclusive club because of inappropriate clothes.

The next day I received a telephone call from a stranger in Toronto. She was gracious and charming, and even her gushing enthusiasm was welcome. She invited me to be guest of honor at a literary tea. "After all," she said, "your book makes you a social lion this season." Since I had gathered from the bank teller that it made me a social outcast, this was most consoling.

I remembered these contrasting incidents when I read the recent article in SATURDAY NIGHT on literary teas in Canada. I hoped none of my hostesses would read it. It seemed one thing to bite the hand that's fed you by nibbling daintily on the fingertips and another to snap it off at the wrist. My reaction was not noble or influenced by sentiment. It was merely the lonely feeling of a Canadian writer when someone suggests that a spring of encouragement on the desert of literary recognition in Canada should either dry up or be boarded over.

The negative side of the question of the value of Literary Teas has several justifiable claims. There are many pretentious folk at such gatherings, but pretension is not exclusive to that segment of society. Even authors have been known to be brushed by it. Admittedly, too, the reaction to the event depends largely on the type of author.

A two-fisted writer of Truth *does* look out of place simpering over a cup of tea; but even if you are a towering genius, one who feels the earth has a message for us all, you can always crush a cup in powerful fists, thereby establishing the intensity of your sincerity. Then there is the "social lion" aspect, the absurdity of which cannot be denied. At one affair I was confronted by an old friend, with whom I have had a somewhat impersonal and casual friendship for years. She emerged from the crowd, embraced me with an elaborate show of affection and, parading me about the room, introduced me as her "great good friend".

The claim that guests have little or no connection with the literary world, and that their concern is primarily with scrutinizing the guest of honor and establishing a link with the writing breed, also has some validity. You may reel back from the assurance that "You don't LOOK like an author"—an assurance offered as a supreme compliment; occasionally it is equally disconcerting to be told by some well-meaning lady that she thinks it is "awfully cute" that you write; and it is guaranteed to choke up any writer if a guest engages in a lengthy and enthusiastic discussion of your book and you discover, several "thank-you's" later, that the book which delighted her was not the one you wrote.

Finally, of course, there is the forceful cry that conversation at literary teas is absurd. If people do gush alarmingly and engage in absurd conversation, perhaps it is not unfair to suggest that the guest of honor is partially responsible. As guest of honor and certainly as someone whose business is ideas and words, he is at liberty to direct the conversation down more stimulating paths. Of course, there is the difficulty of finding a topic more stimulating to any author than himself and his work.

THESE ARE ALL occupational hazzards of the business of writing. As such, they seem to me to be superficial objections to a long-established tradition. Since the tradition of the literary tea in the United States and Britain is strong, it must fulfill some function and one that may be particularly important in Canada.

The loneliness of writers in the Dominion is well-known and constantly lamented. It springs, in part, from a complex equally well-known, if not so constantly lamented. Our Canadian passion for mediocrity, stemming, as someone suggested, from our fear of top-level people and our preference for comfortable folk we can understand, reinforces a peculiar herd instinct. We are suspicious of those who, because of talent or personality, are apart from the herd. Yet the writer is automatically isolated, and in essence should be the most individualistic member of society. If he is like everybody else, then he has no message or ideas for anybody else and might as well stop writing. The literary tea is founded on the assumption that a writer, or anyone engaged in any of the arts, is an individual and a member of a respectable individualistic profession.

There is, then, a responsibilty to that profession, and it seems reasonable to suggest that the literary tea offers a two-fold opportunity of meeting that responsibility. In one way, it is rather like a ceremonial parade and, as such, demands your respectful attendance if you are willing to accept the duties as well as the privileges.

Then frequently, the writer is asked to "say a few words" to the guests—an invaluable chance to get across a point of view on Canadian writing. The atmosphere of the literary tea is a receptive one. I remember one writer who beamed with good will on his audience, received their warm welcome and, smiling brightly, opened his remarks with the comment that "The Canadian book public stinks!" His geniality softened the blow and his audience, refusing to believe they had been insulted by so friendly and pleasant a man, nodded approvingly and broke into spontaneous applause. It is possible he won many allies.

PERHAPS IT IS vulgar to mention commercialism, but at times it is necessary. A writer, however artistic, writes to be read. He may not want to admit it, but he still prefers to be read in books purchased by the reader. There is the matter of the royalty cheque. One essential requirement to the pleasing state of being a "read", and therefore eating, author is publicity and, as everyone knows, one of the best sources of publicity is personal contact. The guests may not rush to their nearest friendly bookstore for a copy of the author's book, but at least they know his name. If, by chance, they see a copy of his effort later, it is not improbable that they will buy it. I hesitate to underestimate the publicity value of a tea party. Remember what happened at Boston!

Aside from the more obvious advantages of literary teas, they do offer an opportunity to meet other and established writers.

In the interest of bigger, better and more literary teas in Canada, the following suggestions are offered to the guests:

Don't purposefully avoid the author if you haven't read his book. Remember he is lonely, and the fierceness of his look may be hunger. If you are hesitant about a topic for conversation, try the title of his book; you can get it from at least one other guest. Talking about titles is always safe and often enlightening to the author. The title of my attempt, "Blaze of Noon," brought six different interpretations at one literary tea, including a quotation from the Bible and one from Shakespeare. I was too shaken to admit it had been plucked from a scrap of dialogue.

If you did read his book and liked it, get excited. This may make the author nervous, but it is good for him. If you read it and didn't like it, get MORE excited. And don't tiptoe. Until Canadian writing can be discussed critically against the background of international writing, it cannot really mature; and neither can the authors. Our inclination to qualify criticisms with the attitude "as a Canadian book it is good" becomes a cage, built originally out of self-defence. To the comment "But of course you can't compare it with American or English or French or any other writing", there seems to me to be only one logical reply, "Why not?" It will bring the author to his knees, but being on bended knee, although rare these days, is not unseemly.

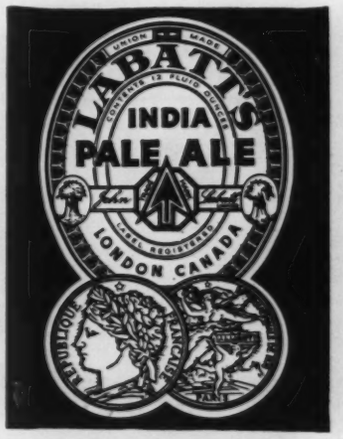
Strangle that impulse to assure the author that he doesn't LOOK like one. This is not taken kindly, since secretly we prefer to think of ourselves as roaring rebels, stamping across the wasteland, shouting defiance. Encourage him. He may not dare to be an Oscar Wilde with a lily in his palm, but encourage him anyway.

JEANN BEATTIE

It's a MAN'S work...

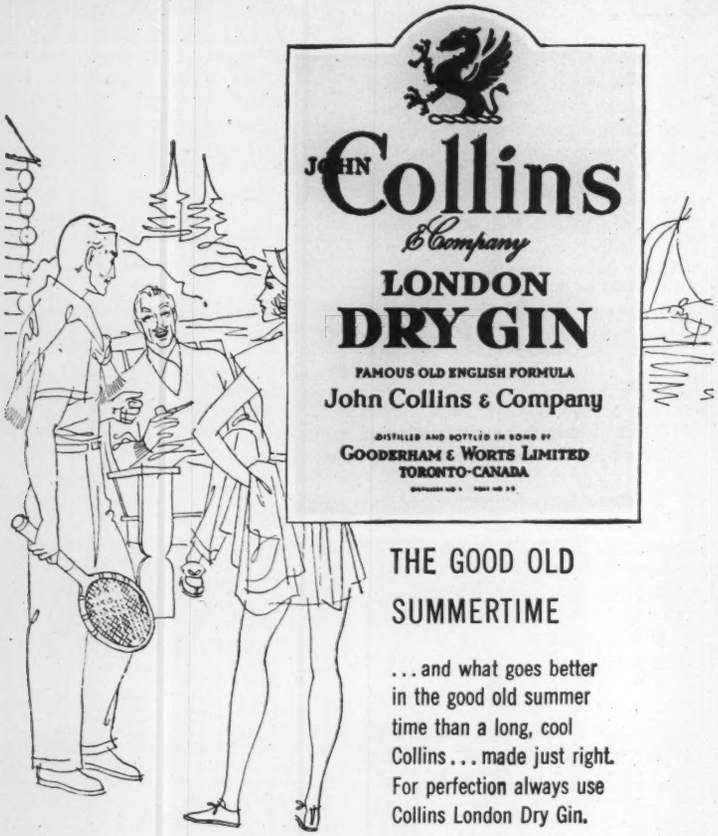
for a man's beer!

If you suspect that other beers are brewed with the weaker sex in mind, switch to Labatt's India Pale Ale . . . plenty of old-time flavour, hearty, zestful and satisfying. It's a welcome change from weaker-tasting, less satisfying beers. I.P.A. is a real *man's* drink. Order Labatt's* *next* time. Ask for I.P.A.! John Labatt Limited.



**The swing is definitely to*

LABATT'S



JOHN Collins & Company
LONDON DRY GIN
FAMOUS OLD ENGLISH FORMULA
John Collins & Company
DISTILLED AND BOTTLED IN BOND BY
GOODERHAM & WORTS LIMITED
TORONTO-CANADA

THE GOOD OLD SUMMERTIME

... and what goes better in the good old summer time than a long, cool Collins... made just right. For perfection always use Collins London Dry Gin.

A PRODUCT OF G&W Canada's Oldest Distillery ESTABLISHED 1832

A. W. MILES
Funeral Director

SERVICES ARE HELD UNDER IDEAL CONDITIONS

The chapel is commodious, convenient, beautifully and appropriately appointed. Equipped with pipe organ. The chapel is completely Air-Conditioned.

CREMATION CAREFULLY ATTENDED TO IF DESIRED

30 ST. CLAIR AVE. WEST, TORONTO

PR. 2569 PRIVATE PARKING PR. 4213

Meisterschaft COLLEGE
"Shortest and Surest Method"
MATRICULATION

Complete matriculation in one year — No extra curricular activities — Individual instruction—Small study groups—Combined matriculation and Secretarial courses. Applicants now being considered for Fall Term.

84 WOODLAWN AVE. WEST TELEPHONE MIDWAY 2073 TORONTO, CANADA

Books

The Prisoner of Immanence

SIMONE DE BEAUVOIR is one of the principal exponents of Existentialism, and in 1949 she published a large book which was an existentialist exposition of the place of woman in the modern world. Translated by H. M. Parshley, this book has now appeared in English as *The Second Sex*. It is an important book, and it will provoke much discussion; possibly it will be discussed more than read, for it is a book of prolonged and complex argument of extremely uneven merit.

The Existentialists have often been accused of looseness and caprice in their philosophical argument; many of them are persuasive writers rather than convincing thinkers. Madame de Beauvoir exhibits all their weakness, as well as much of their strength, in this book. Indeed, it sometimes appears that it has been written by two women—one an able and original thinker, and the other the zealous, irascible feminist of the funny papers.

For the reader without a nodding acquaintance with Existentialism the book will be puzzling. This mode of thought (for it is not a coherent philosophical system, and does not pretend to be) draws heavily upon such thinkers of the nineteenth century as Soren Kierkegaard and Martin Heidegger; its central belief is conveniently expressed in Henley's declaration that—

I am the Master of My Fate
The Captain of My Soul.

But Existentialists are by no means agreed how far this mastery may go; some are atheists and others repudiate atheism. All are agreed that man's struggle for true freedom is the most important of human considerations, and that this freedom may only be attained by casting off age-old restraints of guilt and shame, many of which are associated with religion.

As an Existentialist, Simone de Beauvoir accepts this philosophical attitude; as a woman, she desires that this struggle for real spiritual, intellectual and social freedom should also extend to women. Whatever the final fate of Existentialism may be, it has value at present because it compels fresh consideration of old problems; anything which rattles the old, dark gods in their tabernacles has some merit. Mme. de Beauvoir sets out to analyse the situation of women in the world as it exists today, and to demand a better place for her sex.

Her exposition of the subjection and exploitation of women by men is brilliant but not entirely convincing. The lot of woman has not always been so bad, in every corner of the globe, as she paints it. She dismisses in a few words the hypothesis advanced by J. J. Bachofen, that the earliest civilizations were matriarchal, that a Golden Age of Woman gave place in pre-history to the dominance of Man. Nevertheless some far more careful thinkers than Mme. de Beauvoir accept that notion. She either does not know, or chooses to forget, facts about certain early European civilizations which do not fit into her plan. And she cannot resist the temptation, now and again, to take a good prejudiced swipe at Man the Oppressor, in terms which suggest less the dispassionate philosopher (who happens, by a whim of Fate, to be a woman) than the steel-spectacled, red-nosed suffragette walloping a Cabinet Minister with her umbrella. Nevertheless, she firmly establishes the point that women have had a raw deal for at least three thousand years, and that men have been chiefly responsible for it.

When representing man as a Villainous Oppressor she is not always successful. But when she shows man as a Simpleton, demanding that woman fill a special role in a drama in which he has cast himself for the best part, she is magnificent. In the section of her book called "The Myth of Woman in Five Authors" she rises to a level of effective argument not equalled elsewhere. Here she analyzes the attitude toward women revealed in the works of Montherlant (woman as a nasty necessity), of D. H. Lawrence (woman as a physical flatterer of men), Paul Claudel (woman as a mystical vessel), André Breton (woman as the stuff of poetry), and Stendahl (woman as an intelligent, free, potentially delightful human being). This may not be philosophizing on a high level, but it is literary criticism, and criticism of life, of the first order. Oh, if only she could have written like this for all her seven-hundred-odd pages, what a book this would be!

UNFORTUNATELY, however, Mme. de Beauvoir touches depths of pettiness and foolishness, as well as heights of rare perceptiveness. Inevitably, in a book of this sort, she must generalize, but with what is either innocence, or else brazen effrontery, she confesses that in all that she says about women from the Middle Ages to the present day, she generalizes upon the experience of the women of France, where, she says "the situation is typical"! Certainly, as she describes it, it is not typical of the women of North America nor of the British Isles. This is only one of the many instances which Mme. de Beauvoir offers of the staggering intellectual isolationism of the French.

There is another type of isolationism apparent in this book, also, which makes it irritating reading for anyone

of even moderately optimistic temperament. Mme. de Beauvoir flatly refuses to believe that good faith, or lasting love, can exist between men and women in marriage. Indeed, she states bluntly that, while the institution of marriage lasts, true love will only be found in adultery. This is gloomy twaddle, for it not only denies the possibility of honor and charity between the sexes, but it also denies the possibility of growth or exploration of personality within marriage. This is isolationism indeed, for it means that Mme. de Beauvoir must have formed her opinion upon evidence supplied by some very unhappy, cynical, faithless and disagreeable people.

The new freedom of mankind, we may confidently assert, will not be brought about by people of weak affections and tawdry, vacillating emotions. In these passages of her book Mme. de Beauvoir seems to me to fall into one of the commonest pitfalls that lie in the path of the determined intellectual—the belief that a simple happiness is impossible for a first-rate intellect. It would be nearer truth to say that only a powerful intellect allied to a powerful spirit is capable of a prolonged, informed and capacious happiness. It is when she falls into this fashionable despair, this modish disillusion, that Mme. de Beauvoir is laughable.

Her book is written in the Existentialist jargon; she cannot say that women are more held down by environment and circumstances than men—she must say that woman is "the prisoner of immanence." She does not even like to call a woman a woman if she can call her "an existent." However, this sort of faddy vocabulary must be permitted to philosophers.

If I appear to have dwelt unduly upon what displeased me in this book let me hasten to right that wrong by saying that it is the work of a woman of brilliant, if cold and acidulated intellect, and that every woman who is concerned with her situation as a woman ought to take a look at it. If you can read it all, so much the better, but in my experience women readers are less tolerant of prolonged feminist argument than men. Mme. de Beauvoir has done modern society a great service by considering, from a fresh point of view, the position of women, and the spiritual Otherness which men may have foisted upon them.

I recommend this book also to male fogies, who think that women are lesser creatures than men, and to idiots who refer to their middle-aged female acquaintances as "the girls."

There is something in this book for everybody, but if it finds one single reader among the subscribers of this paper who can swallow it all without demur, I should like to present him with a very special prize. Fortunately the book is printed with broad margins, so you may write notes to the author to your heart's content.

ROBERTSON DAVIES

THE SECOND SEX—by Simone de Beauvoir—pp. 732 & Index—*McClelland & Stewart*—$10.00.

In Brief

THE FACE BESIDE THE FIRE—by Laurens van der Post—pp. 312—*Clarke Irwin*—$2.75.

This distinguished novel tells the story of a man whose life has been so distorted by the stultifying love of his mother that he makes a disastrous marriage; subsequently he meets a woman whose love enables him to break the bonds of the past and regain his mastery of himself and of his talent as a painter. To this familiar theme the author brings a finely disciplined style, and a poetic understanding of human motives and relationships, which carry his work to a very high level. Deeply satisfying in form and expression, this is a book of noble quality by one of the most gifted younger writers of our time.

SIMPLE HERALDRY CHEERFULLY ILLUSTRATED —by Iain Moncreiffe and Don Pottinger—pp. 64 beautifully illustrated in color — *Nelson*—$2.50.

Several recent books have sought to make heraldry clear to the uninitiated, but none attacks the job with the cheery goodwill of this one. Virtually every aspect of the subject is described briefly, and demonstrated in amusing but not facetious pictures in fine heraldic colour. Here is a case where one picture is worth a thousand words and the book does, literally, make clear the elements of a fascinating and beautiful study.

THE CRUCIBLE—a play by Arthur Miller—pp. 145—*Macmillan*—$3.25.

This powerfully dramatic play deals with the witchcraft trials in Salem, Massachusetts in 1692. Although the parallel is never stressed, the similarity to the trials of persons suspected of Communism today can never be absent from the reader's mind. The unsupported accusations, the stigma upon those who have apparently been acquitted, the quagmire of suspicion—all are here. Chilling to read or see, this play carries an important reminder that neither the zeal nor the folly of our day is new under the sun.

IT'S WARM INSIDE—by Peter Towry—pp. 224 —*Clarke, Irwin*—$2.50.

Unimportant as a novel, but a well-told tale of fashionable and artistic adultery. Several themes are stated, but not developed, and the characters, though amusing, are flat. Escape literature for the intelligent.

A NAME TO CONJURE WITH — by G. B. Stern—pp. 223—*Collins*—$3.50.

Third of Miss Stern's books of rambling and allusive autobiography, this falls short of the standard of *Trumpet Voluntary* and *Benefits Forgot* which preceded it. She uses names—of friends, of saints, of anyone—as the string upon which to hang her beads of reflection. Rattling, shallow and breathless, this is not G. B. Stern at her best or most characteristic.

MARY II, QUEEN OF ENGLAND — by Hester W. Chapman—pp. 260, appendix and index—illustrated—*Clarke, Irwin*—$5.25.

Excellently organized and finely written, this biography gives us a clear picture of a neglected English Queen, whom we too often think of as part of that royal centaur William-and-Mary. The daughter of James II was a beautiful, charming and sweet-natured girl who came to the throne under her father's curse (he considered her a usurper) and guided in matters of state by her husband who, although he loved her dearly, was surely the most cynical power-politician ever to sit on the throne of England.

In her journal she wrote: "God knows my heart is not made for a kingdom", and six years as a queen warped her nature and broke her heart. A distinguished piece of historical writing, temperate, perceptive and economical.

FASHIONS IN LONDON—by Barbara Worsley-Gough—pp. 108, illustrated—*Ambassador Books*—$3.

Fashion is here used in the older sense of the *beau monde,* and not merely of clothes. The writer describes the change from a world of fashion dominated by the Court and a few aristocratic families, to a world in which fashion is dictated by com-

...it's smoother than ever

Hiram Walker & Sons Limited

DISTILLERS OF THE FAMOUS "Canadian Club" WHISKY

mercial interests. A nostalgic book, but not depressingly so, written with wit and style, and rooted in sound and detailed knowledge of the subject.

COLLECTED STORIES—by Osbert Sitwell—pp. 541—*MacMillan*—$5.

All the short stories of one of the finest practitioners of that difficult art now living, collected in a handsome volume and presented with a preface containing a generous dose of Sir Osbert's acid but stimulating common sense. A book to read and re-read.

THE BOOK OF CRICKET VERSE — edited by Gerald Brodribb—pp. 196 & 18 pp. notes and index—*Clarke Irwin*—$2.50.

Not only cricket enthusiasts will value this delightful anthology of verse inspired by cricket; it is a first-rate summer's day companion. Some of the inclusions are startling (Blake and Herrick), some unforeseen (Stephen Phillips' brilliant parody of Walt Whitman, and five excellent stanzas by P. G. Wodehouse), some sobering (Wordsworth, Tennyson and Byron). Only England could produce so much good verse about a game.

THE WHITE ROSE OF MEMPHIS—by Col. William C. Faulkner—pp. 542—*Burns & MacEachern*—$6.25.

This long, untidy melodrama first appeared as a serial in the Ripley, Missouri, *Advertiser* in 1880-81; the writer was the grandfather of William Faulkner, Nobel-prize novelist, and if this were not the case it is impossible to believe that the story would ever have been reprinted. A preface by Robert Cantwell says that the book is written in the "involved 19th century manner (cf. Scott, Dickens, Hawthorne, Melville)", but it suggests these writers less than Lew Wallace of *Ben Hur* fame.

The story begins with a fancy dress party on a new river boat, the White Rose of Memphis; to amuse themselves the revellers decide to tell stories and a man in the disguise of Ingomar (the Noble Savage) launches into an involved rigmarole of poison and passion. Then, lo! it is revealed that all the characters in his tale are right there on the boat, and they continue to work out the plot in the fashion of a radio serial until it ends, apparently from exhaustion. The writing has a certain vitality, but it also exhibits every crime of style and taste to be found in the ephemeral fiction of its time.

M IS FOR MOTHER—by Marjorie Riddell—pp. 114, illustrated by Peggy Bacon—*Longmans Green*—$3.

Letters from a mother to her daughter who has left home to live and work in London, in which much of the lighter and more exasperating side of Motherhood is captured with humor and understanding. Psychoanalysts say that one's attitude toward one's mother ranges from whole-souled devotion to a desire to chop her up with an axe; this book supports such a view brilliantly, with most of the emphasis on the homicidal side of the scale. A very funny book, with its roots deep in fact.

THE SEX LIFE OF WILD ANIMALS—by Eugene Burns—pp. 268 & index—*Clarke, Irwin*—$3.25.

An American naturalist writes in a pleasantly popular, but by no means facetious, style about the sex habits of the common mammals of this continent. According to Mr. Burns, the sex life of animals is far more varied, yet much less capricious, than is commonly supposed. After thirty years of field work he refuses to be dogmatic, but his book plainly reflects wide experience and a great natural gift. An important contribution to the average reader's understanding of animals.

PHYSICAL EDUCATION in England since 1800 by P. C. McIntosh—pp. 243, indexed and illustrated—*Clarke Irwin*—$3.25.

Far more entertaining than one would think possible on such a subject, this book traces the evolution of physical education from the unorganized and often brutal games of the early 19th century, through "Swedish drill" to modern remedial and expressive play. A few legends are exploded in passing and some forgotten pioneers are given their due of praise.

THE EARLY VICTORIAN WOMAN—by Janet Dunbar—pp. 182, illustrated—*Clarke Irwin*—$3.50.

Between 1837 and 1857 the only generally admired career for a woman was marriage; consequently flirtation and the arts of dress were of greater importance than they are

THIS IS CANADA
NEWFOUNDLAND

A new spirit animates Newfoundland. Realization that her natural resources are almost unbelievably rich stirs everyone. Under the Newfoundland and Labrador Corporation, a partnership of government and private enterprise, an industrial revolution is under way. Some labor shortages have developed.

NATURAL WEALTH

"Newfoundland is a forest surrounded by fish." Fishing remains the great industry but the world's largest pulpwood mill at Corner Brook is expected to double in size when they start to cut black spruce from a stand in Labrador larger than the Kingdom of Belgium.

BUSIEST AIRPORT

Gander is one of the world's busiest trans-continental airports. As important to Newfoundlanders are new discoveries of asbestos and bauxite to the south. An aluminum plant is planned.

IRON MINES UNDER THE SEA

Iron mines under the sea, limestone, iron ore, cement and gypsum plants, fluorspar, molybdenite, all promise much for Newfoundland's future. Atlas specialty steels are on the job aiding development.

STRICTLY FORBIDDEN

A sign near Buchans reads, "Use of railroad tracks by dog teams is strictly forbidden." Don't be fooled. Buchans is a growing metropolis, the center of zinc, lead and copper mining and the site of a projected zinc refinery.

ATLAS STEELS

ATLAS STEELS LIMITED, WELLAND, ONTARIO

STAINLESS STEELS · TOOL STEELS · HIGH SPEED STEELS · MINING DRILL STEELS · SPECIAL PURPOSE STEELS

now, and house-keeping was much more of a business. Below the women of the upper and middle classes were women who worked in factories and mines in conditions which would not be tolerated for animals today. At first it seems impossible that these conditions prevailed a century ago, and that the framework of life has been so radically changed. Pleasantly and lightly written, this is nevertheless a serious book.

FOR GIRLS ONLY—by F. H. Richardson—pp. 96—*Burns & MacEachern*—$3.25.

Some of the things a girl ought to know about sex, put in a way that some adults will find mealy-mouthed. Well calculated, however, not to alarm a shy girl or her shy parents, and expressed in terms which are concrete to an adolescent.

For Children

Ages 4 to 6

THE LITTLE HORSE BUS—by Graham Greene, pictures by Dorothy Craigie—*Clarke, Irwin*—$2.00.

The celebrated Catholic novelist tries his hand at a book for children and it is not a complete success, for it is a little too complicated and the moral is not hit hard enough. However, quality always tells, and the writing is first-rate, though tots will demand some explanations. The many gay and expressive pictures carry out the intention of the book better than the text.

Ages 6 to 10

PHELIM AND THE CREATURES — by Meta Mayne Reid, pictures by Sydney Passmore —*Clarke, Irwin*—$2.00.

The setting is Irish and the language nods toward Ireland, but there is no Irish magic. The ingredients of a good book of stories are here, but they have not been skilfully managed. Phelim the magician, the key figure, lacks magic and does not seem to be an organic part of the book. The animals can talk, but they are not represented as other than animal, which is an excellent idea; but they never become vivid, and we are not permitted to know enough about any one of them. Too bad, because this could have been a distinguished book. *Child*: "Do we *have* to finish it?"

12 and Upward

THE FLICKER'S FEATHER—by Merriett Parmelee Allen—*Longmans, Green*—$3.25.

An excellent historical novel for the young, laid in the period of the American Revolution, and bringing in the celebrated Rogers' Rangers. The young hero, Duff, is a likable and credible lad, and the author makes it quite acceptable that he should meet a good many famous people. There are many well-drawn characters, and one, a pedlar called Comical Smith, is a happy invention, just the sort to stick in a young reader's memory, and worthy of a place there. The book avoids historical stuffiness, but is not written down, and while there is plenty of hero-worship, the heroes are worthy and there is no mawkishness. A distinguished addition to that new class of fiction, the junior novel.

B. E. N.

Music

Tradition and Innovation

I ONCE READ (I think in an essay by Sacheverell Sitwell) an interpretation of the myth of Orpheus and Eurydice. According to this view, the dark and mysterious story of the bard who ventured into the halls of Hades to bring back his lost wife, is an allegory of the artist in search of inspiration. The shadowy underworld is the Past; and what the myth tells us, therefore, is that to find inspiration the artist must go back into the Past.

But though he must go back into the Past to find his inspiration, he must on no account look back into the Past. He must look forward into the future; if he so much as glances behind him, his hard-won inspiration disappears forever. Like Newton, the artist looks a little further because he stands on the shoulders of giants. Without founding his work on the traditions of his art, he can make no progress. At the same time, he must remember that what makes a good foundation may make a bad roof. Tradition is a basis for progress, not a substitute for it. To make wise use of tradition means only that an artist is not wasting his energies hewing out for himself discoveries that other men have already disclosed.

"Learn hence for ancient rules a just esteem;
To copy nature is to copy them."

But even Pope, prince of classicists, modifies his admonition by observing:

"Great wits sometimes may gloriously offend,
And rise to faults true Critics dare not mend.
But tho' the Ancients thus their rules invade,
(As Kings dispense with laws themselves have made)
Moderns, beware! or if you must offend
Against the precept, ne'er transgress its End."

Pope knew what he was talking about. The balance must be made between tradition and innovation.

In music, it is specially clear that tradition is like the reputation of a family, or the honor of a regiment; it is handed down from the past, but before it can be possessed, it must be won again by the present.

In the recent Coronation music, we had a particularly fine chance to examine the interplay of tradition and innovation. Some of the music was a thousand years old, and more; some of the chants were among the oldest music we still hear actively performed. And some of the music was written specially for this occasion, by living composers: William Walton's *Te Deum*, for example. Other music was Jacobean: Orlando Gibbons. Purcell was represented; and the anthem *Zadock the Priest* that Handel wrote for the coronation of George the Second was sung at the Anointing. The newly crowned Queen made her way out of the Abbey to the *Pomp and Circumstance* march that Elgar wrote on the occasion of Edward VII's coronation.

Finally, there was Vaughan-Williams' setting of the Elizabethan hymn that stood as number one hundred in the old hymnals: *All People That on Earth Do Dwell*, the Old Hundredth. Here the past and the present, tradition and innovation, come together in plain sight.

All this makes the Coronation service a kind of conspectus of musical history. Much of the music was not easy to hear; after all, it was intended only to support the ceremonial. The motets during the Homage that began with Orlando Gibbons and ended with Healey Willan were inconspicuous. Other parts of the service, such as Vaughan-Williams' powerful setting of the Creed, were partly obscured. But the general effect remained; and it was not, it seemed to me, a homogeneous effect.

There was, in fact, not one main musical tradition represented, but two. The first, and by far the most prominent, was the tradition that rests on the unaccompanied voices of good singers. It comes from the Middle Ages, through the giants of the Golden Age, such as Palestrina; is taken up by the Elizabethans and Monteverdi; and then disappears as an obvious tradition, glimmering from time to time in some motets of Bach, and passages in other works: the *Missa Solennis* of Beethoven, for example. It then reappears quite strongly in modern times, in Vaughan-Williams, Benjamin Britten, and William Walton. It is marked by a clarity and radiance of style, worked out in a uniform texture which seeks quietly to overwhelm, rather than suddenly to astonish. It is musical tapestry, and the circumstances of performance in a large church, by smoothing and blurring its outlines, often enrich its beauties. It is the music of serenity and repose; the music of heaven; the music of the Church Triumphant.

When the stream of this tradition flowed underground in the eighteenth century, it was replaced by the music of conflict and passion; the music of earth; the music of the Church Militant. In the *Messiah*, Handel praises God as King of Kings; and this is surely characteristic of his style. It is the epitome of earthly majesty. It is effective, often overwhelmingly so.

One of the great musical moments is certainly the thunder of the chorus and orchestra delivering Handel's Coronation Anthem. But it is unfortunate that this anthem is written for the Anointing. Of the whole ceremony, this, with the Communion, is surely the most heavenly in character, representing, I suppose, nothing less than the Holy Spirit descending into the person of the Monarch. Here, if nowhere else, we need the music of the Church Triumphant: celestial music. And it is here that we find a most splendid outburst in the tradition of the Church Militant.

Certainly it is possible to justify this choice, to argue that the Monarch is an earthly one, now being prepared for an earthly struggle, and so forth. But I do not think the argument convinces the emotions. I am sure the other musical tradition would have been more fruitful.

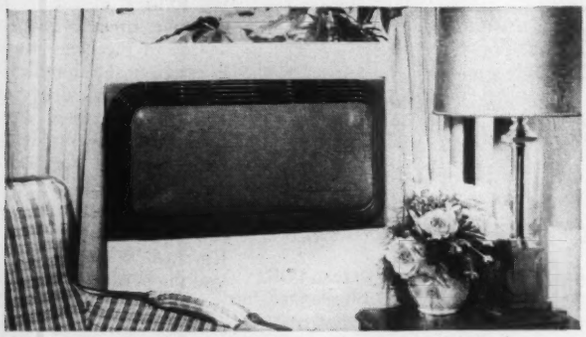
ANOTHER small disappointment lay in the fanfares, which, notable as they were, did not compare to those used at the coronation of George VI, which you can easily hear for yourself on the complete recording of the ceremony which was put out by HMV.

On the other hand, nothing too much can be said of Walton's *Te Deum*, which had the broad style, the purpose, and the virtues of the old celestial tradition, and yet made use of harmonies, and turns of melody that were both new and appropriate; a true marriage of tradition and innovation. The same is true of the Vaughan-Williams' *Old Hundredth*. Apart from its magnificence, this is a remarkable musical tour-de-force. It is almost an illustrated lecture on the progress of the old tradition. Each verse in turn was set in a new development of that tradition, becoming more and more complex; introducing more and more innovations; adding orchestral instruments; but always causing each section to flow so naturally and agreeably from what had preceded it, that the singing through of that hymn ascended the heights of musical experience, and made its old splendors stand forth in a new light.

This is the true power and ability of art. This is Orpheus emerging from the shades with his bride beside him, and his eyes fixed truly on light, and on the path to come.

LISTER SINCLAIR

WSA
WESTERN SAVINGS & LOAN ASSOCIATION
HEAD OFFICE WINNIPEG
BRANCH OFFICES
Agency Building, Edmonton, Alta. McCallum-Hill Building, Regina, Sask.
201 Eighth Ave. W., Calgary, Alta. 401 Avenue Building, Saskatoon, Sask.
Royal Bank Building, Brandon, Man.



HOT?... Dial your own weather with a CARRIER room air conditioner

Don't be beat by the heat—A Carrier Room Air Conditioner keeps you refreshed, more comfortable—lowers humidity on muggy days—circulates clean air without drafts—filters out dust and dirt—relieves hay fever and asthma—cuts down irritating street noises—whisper-quiet operation—economical *year* round ventilation.

Order a Carrier Room Air Conditioner—at a new low price—from your nearest dealer today. Quick installation—5 year warranty. Other handsome Carrier models for larger rooms and offices. Carrier Engineering Ltd., Toronto, Montreal. Dealers in Principal Cities.

Carrier *Call your CARRIER dealer today!*

53-1 *Air Conditioning • Refrigeration • Industrial Heating*

TRIPLE DISTILLED

CORBY'S LONDON DRY GIN

for the perfect Collins

DISTILLED IN CANADA

Films

Miracle-Drama of the Coronation

A Queen is Crowned provides the handsomest possible consolation prize for those who couldn't attend the Coronation itself. The people who crowded into Westminster Abbey or struggled for position in the London streets caught only isolated glimpses of the spectacle. The film record recreates the pageant almost from start to finish, and gives it the shape, significance and intensity of some ancient miracle-drama revived in terms of modern super-production.

In the miracle plays of the Middle Ages, the characters shed personal identity and took on the heightened quality of symbolism. To an impressive extent this is what happens in the unfolding pageant of *A Queen is Crowned*. The central figures in their stiff heraldic-emblazoned robes are there to represent certain great abstractions and institutions—the Monarchy, the Church, the State, the Lords Spiritual, the Lords Temporal—with every element of the pageant profoundly English, English to the marrow. As a piece of native drama on the grand scale, the Coronation has probably never been surpassed in history.

The rest of the world will tend to look at *A Queen is Crowned* in terms of super-production; and on this basis it is impossible to imagine how it could have been done better. It is such an impeccable and solemn spectacle that the slightest flaw would have marred it conspicuously. There were no discoverable flaws. The pageant flows along like some superlatively handled sequence of history in the making — the waiting crowds, the march past of thousands of troops, the emergence of the cumbersome old show-case of a state coach, with Elizabeth and Philip barely visible behind dark gleaming glass; and then the long, slow processional through the Abbey, the ceremonial anointing and crowning, the immense ritual of the centuries all converging on the small, dedicated and curiously touching figure of Elizabeth; and after that the recessional through the Abbey, and the dispersal of the procession through the London streets, with the crowds still standing, thick as felt, in the great curves and circles of a city that seemed built for just such ceremonials as this.

The commentary for *A Queen is Crowned* was written by Christopher Fry, who, in the midst of such an immensity of symbolism, very wisely refrained from any special inventions of his own. It is spoken, a little too throbbingly, by Sir Laurence Olivier. The film speaks for itself, with a certain sort of historical eloquence, and scarcely needs a commentary. Certainly the last thing it requires is added histrionic emphasis.

Three D seems to be still spinning along on its own power. The technicians continue to improvise happily on the science of stereo-optics, and the audiences are as happy as ever in dodging—and accepting—almost anything the boys happen to throw at them. In the meantime, the script-writers have only to fish in the bottom drawer for any manuscript they have on hand. They then give it a perfunctory Three D treatment — which apparently involves nothing more complicated than the addition of a few more projectiles—and another triumph is ready for the screen.

Man in the Dark, the latest three-dimensional film, has to do with a gangster (Edmund O'Brien), who is hospitalized for crime, and in the interest of science is given a lobotomy operation which removes the criminal tendency as effectively as though it had been an inflamed appendix. Presently, however, his former gang catches up with him, and the chase which follows ends up on a roller-coaster, a natural setup for Three D. The plot, though perfunctory, shows a slight advance on the script of *House of Wax*. It is still fairly rudimentary, however. In fact, it is doubtful whether, without Three D, *The Man in the Dark* would qualify even as a Grade B radio mystery drama.

THE French film *Back Streets of Paris* is a story of crime and violence in one of the more dismal sections of Paris and is worth attention chiefly because of the presence and histrionic splendor of Françoise Rosay. Mlle. Rosay, her white hair fiercely ringletted, is cast here as the proprietress of a dingy hotel which she runs with a ferocious disregard for all the rules that govern polite hostelries. She comes to a bad end at the hands of a George Raftish character, who has been injudicious enough to leave a brief-case stuffed with 1000 franc notes in her keeping. The story tends to sag a little when Françoise Rosay isn't on hand to fill it with her extraordinary French vitality.

Invaders from Mars, a pseudo-scientific thriller, tells what happens in a nice American community when a saucerful of Martians arrives and begins laying plans to take over control of nuclear fission on our planet. Though fairly simple-minded, it has its own sort of foolish interest.

MARY LOWREY ROSS.

•

An unidentified man was injured while walking along the Queen Elizabeth Way last night. Only item in his pockets was a Hamilton streetcar.—*Toronto Telegram*.

Wonder if they've missed it yet.

Sports

The Downhill Lie

THE MAN who invented the game of golf never has been brought to book, but if he could be located today, he'd find a sheaf of indictments awaiting him in every precinct police station throughout what is referred to as "The Western World." Golf is a disease to be ranked with the bubonic plague and Rocky Mountain Spotted Fever.

Figures compiled by the Dominion Bureau of Statistics reveal that 20 per cent of Canadian adults play at least one game of golf in any year. These figures suggest that 19.9 per cent of the Canadian adult population is mildly insane. The .1 per cent of the adult population excluded from this admittedly prejudiced estimate consists of the professional golfers and those duffers who approach the game in a commendable spirit of levity.

It seems to your correspondent that the prime purpose of any participation-sport is to provide relaxation for the participant. Golf fails to meet this important requirement for the simple reason that, rather than being relaxed, the average Canadian golfer becomes fretful, irascible and bald before his time.

Golf, admittedly, must have been a pleasant pastime in the early years of its history. It was played almost exclusively by Scotsmen. These gentlemen ordinarily carried only a single club and swatted a little ball which they called a "gutty." The Scottish golfer revered his "gutty" beyond his wife, and, patiently and carefully, he propelled it along the very centre of the fairways. When the Scottish golfer committed the egregious error of slicing into the rough and losing his "gutty," he took the obvious course and retired from the game.

Unfortunately, modern Canadian golfers have lost this frugal and sensible regard for the game. They overload themselves with hundreds of pounds of expensive equipment, and, rather than carry this equipment, they pass along the burden to caddies who barely are old enough to buy a bottle of Tabu in a drug store without receiving written permission from their parents. Unless the golf-equipment manufacturers immediately develop lighter plastic clubs and bags, we fear that we will be raising a generation of bow-legged men.

There are three distinct phases in the development of the average Canadian golfer:

Firstly, he becomes a member of a cheerful foursome. None of the four can break 100 but they look forward to their weekly excursions. Before leaving the locker-room, they have a few libations to improve the keenness of their eyes. On the slightest provocation, they return to the club house to revive their flagging spirits. They tell the truth about their scores and laugh uproariously when one of them cards a 10 on a par-three hole.

Secondly, he reaches the stage where he is close to breaking 100. He is playing with the same foursome, but he is becoming increasingly aware of the fact that two of them never are going to take this game seriously. When they repair to the club house for a rest, he sneaks into the shower-room and surreptitiously practises his swing in front of a full-length mirror. His arithmetic suddenly becomes poor. He forgets to record those two wild swings he made in the deep trap in front of the green on the 8th hole. His wife finds him spending a good deal of time in the basement, swinging his clubs and muttering to himself.

Thirdly, he breaks 100 and begins to play in the low 90's. He takes his game very seriously. He bores his friends at the club with his stories of how he could have carded an 82 if they'd only cut the grass on the greens. He begins to refer to Snead and Hogan as "Sam" and "Ben." When he has a bad day on the links, his wife and children hide in the storm-cellar. His secretary, who has

COME TO
Beautiful Bermuda
AND THE
Mid-Ocean Club

World famous golf course • Private beach • Sheltered en-tout-cas tennis courts • Sailing • Fishing • Dancing • Cool spacious rooms • American Plan rates.

See your Travel Agent or
Leonard P. Brickett, Amer. Rep.,
Hotel Roosevelt, N.Y. 17 MU. 9-3967

"COME RIGHT IN"

When you walk into a bank manager's office, you look to him for reliable information and sound advice. Today he can do more for you than ever before — through the wider contacts, the specialized services and accumulated knowledge built up by his bank. Through the years Canada's chartered banks have kept pace with ever-widening, ever-growing needs.

THE BANKS SERVING YOUR COMMUNITY

Purchasers and Distributors
of Government, Municipal and
Corporation Securities

Enquiries Invited

A. E. Ames & Co.
Limited

Business Established 1889

TORONTO MONTREAL WINNIPEG VANCOUVER VICTORIA CALGARY
LONDON OTTAWA HAMILTON KITCHENER OWEN SOUND
ST. CATHARINES QUEBEC NEW YORK BOSTON LONDON, ENG.

Automobile and General Casualty Insurance
Lumbermens
MUTUAL CASUALTY COMPANY
Agency Inquiries Invited
J. J. FLORA, Reg. Secretary, Concourse Bldg., Toronto, EM. 6-3611
Fire and Allied Lines Written in Associated Companies
THE SAFETY-MINDED COMPANY

This is the Gin

IMPORTED FROM LONDON, ENGLAND

By Appointment
Gin Distillers
To the Late King George VI
Tanqueray, Gordon & Co. Ltd.

Quality Incomparable

Gordon's

Stands Supreme

Available in various bottle sizes.

TANQUERAY, GORDON & CO., LTD.
. . . . the largest gin distillers in the world

76H

been with him for 12 years, quits, goes away and marries a saxophone player in a night club orchestra. His business goes to pot; he absconds with company funds and, when they lock him up, he asks the warden for a cell with a downhill lie.

In any event, with a few notable exceptions, Canadians still are second-raters in the field of golf. This is the fault of the Canadian climate rather than the fault of the Canadian athlete. There is only one section of Canada in which golf can be played twelve months of the year and that section is British Columbia. Even in British Columbia, a golfer doesn't attempt to play the game twelve months of the year unless he was born with webbed feet.

The Canadian Open Golf Tournament soon will be played in Toronto. This is a tournament which is dominated annually by Americans, who drive off with all the swag. The Canadian Open hasn't been won by a Canadian since the late George Cumming found a bottle of Scotch secreted in one capacious leg of his plus-fours.

The most notable performance by a Canadian in the big Dominion tournament of the past decade was contributed by Stanley Horne of Montreal. Horne was playing in the "Open" at Toronto's Mississauga course some years back when he teed off on a 250-yard hole.

The hopeful gallery was lining the fairway and stalwart Stanley took dead aim on the distant flag.

His drive was long but slightly less than true. At the last instant, the ball took a dip to the right and descended in a cluster of spectators.

One of these spectators was the Sheriff of Welland County. The Sheriff was carrying a sun-umbrella and, as he heard the ball buzzing towards him, he ducked instinctively, suspecting that enemy planes were approaching.

The ball hit his umbrella, rolled down his back and lodged in the Sheriff's hip pocket.

At least, no American professional golfer could equal *that*.

Whenever some golfing enthusiast begins to tell your correspondent of how he would have broken 80 if the greens had been trimmed properly, we think of our friend, The Dictator.

Now, The Dictator is a stock salesman and a very shrewd article. One day, a group of stock salesmen and bookmakers who had taken up golf as recreation were sitting around a pleasant bistro, boasting of their prowess on the links.

The Dictator was listening carefully and, suddenly, he spoke up. "Foosh," he scoffed, "I could *throw* a ball around a golf course and score less than 130."

His interruption elicited derisive laughter. After all, The Dictator was a skinny character who could have been blown over by a mild wind. When he flexed his muscles, his biceps resembled a knot in a silk thread.

"Okay," said The Dictator craftily, "1000 dollars says I can break 130 and you can pick the course."

So, the boys selected Islington, which is a reasonably long course, and the contest was set for a day one week distant.

The great day dawned and every stock salesman, bookmaker and gambler who could arise before noon was out at the course.

The Dictator doffed his jacket and hurled the golf ball off the first tee. The ball didn't travel very far but it went straight down the centre of the fairway. He reached the first hole in five and rolled the ball into the cup for a six—two over par.

Well, the bookmakers were diving into the river before he had reached the sixteenth green.

The Dictator, smiling and unruffled came home in 126. On the final hole, just for the heck of it, he threw the ball twice with his back to the green.

Later, a few of his victims were sitting, moodily cleansing their tonsils, with the club professional.

"Can you imagine that?" said one of them. "Imagine that Dictator breaking 130 and I don't think he's seen a golf course before."

"Hell," said the professional, "You should have seen him *yesterday* — yesterday, he broke 120 in practice."

JIM COLEMAN

•

The Sporting Life

A football game between two fire brigade teams at Liverpool (Eng.), was held up when a player's pants caught fire. He was the local fire prevention officer and said he was carrying a box of matches in a rear pocket.

Hans Lunde was fined $25 at San Francisco for fishing in a city lake with two rods. "I was just practising," he said, "first with my left hand and then with my right to see which worked best."

The "United" football team in the New Zealand senior reserve competition has been granted permission to play all matches at home. The players are inmates of Paparua prison.

Premier Shigeru Yoshida was booed by a heckler in the visitors' gallery during a debate in the Japanese Diet. An MP challenged the heckler to come down to the ground floor. He leaped from the gallery, temporarily stunned the MP and temporarily silenced the Premier.

George Bigham was hired to clean a 40-foot yacht but nearly sank it instead. He found a rifle on the floor of the cabin, pointed it down and pulled the trigger "to see what would happen". It took the combined efforts of four men to keep pumping out the water whilst a fireboat towed the yacht to the beach.

Former Maine welterweight champion Hermie Chapman faced a judge on a charge of assault and battery on his one-time manager, William Cyr. "Did you hit him?" asked Judge Gross. "Judge, if I had hit him you'd know it," replied Freeman. Judge Gross took one look at Cyr's unmarked face and dismissed the charge.

"Everyone seems to be thrilled about this event except me," said Mrs. Ivy Spencer, 48-year-old grandmother of Hove (England) who was told she would shortly give birth to triplets.

Business

Export Opportunities to Europe

By ERNEST WAENGLER

WHEN Canadian manufacturers talk about Western European markets, the atmosphere usually becomes very gloomy. It is true that last year our over-all export figures to most Western European countries showed a marked increase compared to the year before, but most of that increase was due to exceptionally heavy shipments of primary products.

While our exports to France, for instance, rose from $46 to $48 million, wheat shipments alone increased by $6 million and most other items were down. Exports to Germany jumped from $37 to $95 million, but the increase was entirely due to grain movements. Shipments to Belgium, the Netherlands, Scandinavia and Italy were all higher than the year before, but in each case the difference consisted in heavier shipments of grain, fish, asbestos and — occasionally — nickel, copper or aluminum.

Does this prove that, as far as Europe is concerned, we shall forever be confined to the role of suppliers of essential foodstuffs and raw materials? Many Canadian manufacturers feel that import and exchange restrictions are such as to prevent their products from entering the European markets, but in actual fact that is only true in countries like France, Austria, Greece, Turkey and —to a lesser degree— Scandinavia. In Switzerland and Belgium, on the other hand, there are practically no import restrictions and in the Netherlands, Western Germany, Italy and Portugal, a large part of our manufactured goods is eligible for license. What's more, the customs duties in many of these countries are far from excessive.

That does not mean that they are ready, at the drop of an order book, to buy up all the shoes, pencils, refrigerators and golf clubs that we can produce, but the reason for their failure to do so is different from what many of us imagine. We cannot escape the fact that, at the moment at least, we do not produce the kind of goods these people want at the prices they can pay.

There are not very many Europeans who can afford—or who would like to own—a 200-horsepower automobile loaded with gleaming push-button devices, or a refrigerator that looks like a space ship outside and like an operating room inside. Although the European likes things that are a little different from what his neighbor has, he is essentially in favor of simple things—of cars that do not pretend to be more than a means of locomotion and of plain ice boxes with a cooling mechanism.

In most European countries, the purchasing power of the masses is very low by our standards. Consumer credit is still in its infancy and, in some places, non-existent. But all that does not prevent Europeans from buying vast quantities of consumer goods every year. So far, they are buying them almost exclusively from European manufacturers, even in those countries where there are practically no restrictions on dollar imports, because competition has forced local manufacturers to make better, cheaper and more suitable things than those produced outside of Europe. Many European manufacturers are now in a position to give Canadians and Americans a run for their money in South America.

It is only logical to assume that those of our products which have difficulty in competing with European goods in, say, Venezuela, will not be competitive at all in Europe itself, where the differential in transportation costs alone may become an important factor. This rule, on the other hand, can in many cases be reversed. Those Canadian manufacturers—and there are quite a few—who are successful in the wide-open Venezuelan market, in spite of growing British and German competition, may have a fair chance to sell to some Western European countries as well.

It is no coincidence that the relaxation of import restrictions in some parts of Europe was not publicized. In many places the stocks of consumer goods are high and it is feared that a concentrated export drive from overseas might cause havoc among domestic manufacturers, as well as draining scant dollar reserves. If a large flow of non-essential dollar goods were to start pouring into these countries it would not take long for restrictions to be re-imposed. In many instances that is also the reason for maintaining an import licensing system. As long as importers have to ask for licences some don't bother because they don't expect to get them, though in fact some governments grant them without much difficulty. The net result is that in some of the "easy" countries of Europe, we are not selling nearly as much as they are now prepared to take.

To sell manufactured goods to Europeans is by no means easy. A prospective Canadian exporter might do well to start out with a careful examination of the competitive products now made and sold in Europe. He may feel that his own merchandise is by comparison more attractive and of higher quality, but that does not necessarily mean that the Europeans will think so. In most lines, prices are of paramount importance. The European consumer will not even buy an obviously superior article if he can get something, that also serves its purpose, for a few cents less.

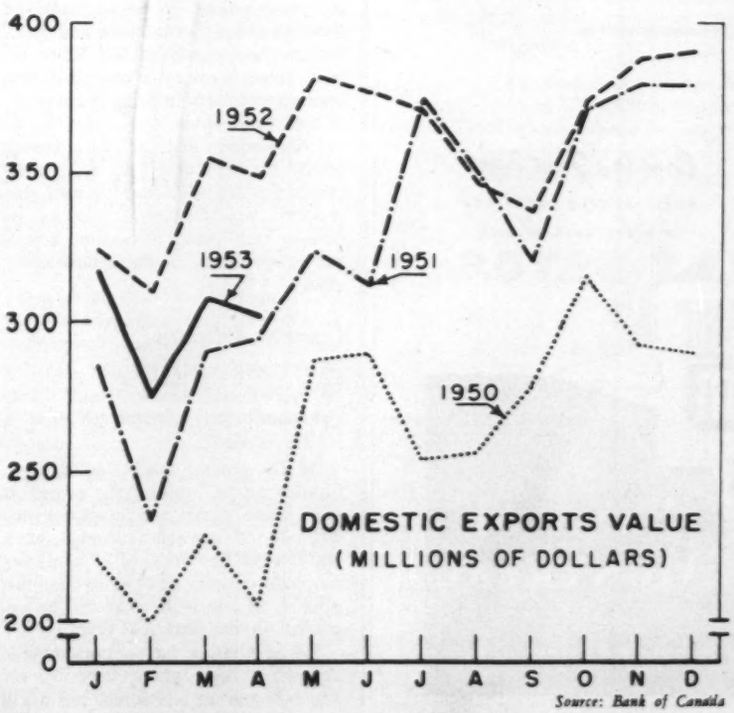
In some cases, it may be possible to create new tastes and habits; Coca-Cola, for example, was virtually unknown in Europe a few years ago and can now be found everywhere from Norway to Sicily. A manufacturer may have to spend a great deal of time and money on introducing a new product and he will have to make a thorough study of European advertising media, which differ widely from those in Canada and the U.S. In some lines, the Canadian manufacturer will have to contend with competition from other non-European sources, especially Japan, which is only just beginning to make a bid for the European market.

IN ORDER to decide whether it is worth while under these circumstances to enter the European market, it is expedient to make an estimate of European economic conditions in general and of the prospects for the future. European industrial production is now 50 per cent higher than it was in 1947, the year when it reached a pre-war level. Exports from Europe are nearly 70 per cent higher than before the war, but imports are still lower. There are strong inflationary pressures in some countries and deflationary tendencies in others. Most important of all—there is a very serious dollar deficit that cannot be resolved as long as the United States maintains its present tariff structure.

Increased productive capacity has resulted in a steady widening of the gap between European resources and the demand for raw materials. The gap can only be filled by increasing dollar imports, which aggravate the shortage of hard currency. The instability of world raw material prices in recent years has contributed a great deal to Europe's problems. When stockpiling in the U.S. eased off a year ago, inflationary pressures decreased in many European countries, but that advantage was more than compensated by the growing dollar gap which resulted from the larger influx of American goods.

Among the countries that have liberalized their foreign trade since the end of the war, Belgium has gone farthest. It has a large credit balance with the European Payments Union, half of which is freely convertible. Belgium is one of the few European countries which actually tries to promote imports, but since it is a creditor

CONTINUED ON PAGE 32



Source: Bank of Canada

Your investments take no vacation

Your investments are at work for you the year round. But in view of constantly changing conditions, securities require supervision in and out of season.

While engrossed with your vacation — or your vocation—it will pay you to mail us a list of your holdings. We will complete a comprehensive survey of your securities and keep you posted on any developments which affect your investments.

Your inquiry by mail will be answered promptly, but better still, why not come in and talk over your situation with us. In the meantime, write or telephone for a copy of our booklet "Investments."

DOMINION SECURITIES CORPN. LIMITED

Established 1901

TORONTO MONTREAL NEW YORK LONDON, ENG. WINNIPEG CALGARY VANCOUVER VICTORIA
LONDON KITCHENER BRANTFORD HAMILTON OTTAWA QUEBEC HALIFAX SAINT JOHN

50 King Street West, Toronto, Canada

In every quarter of Canada
Canada's First Bank
WORKING WITH CANADIANS IN EVERY WALK OF LIFE SINCE 1817
"MY BANK" TO A MILLION CANADIANS
B of M
BANK OF MONTREAL

Gold & Dross

Giant Yellowknife

I WOULD *appreciate your advice on the following. I bought Giant Yellowknife recently at $10 a share. In view of a possible peace in Korea do you think it wise to sell now or wait?—H. M., Toronto.*

Peace, in our opinion, would be good news for the gold mines, and over the longer term good news for the stock market as a whole. It could bring reductions in both taxes and costs to the gold mining industry.

Giant should be one of the first to reflect any change in operating costs, now estimated at $24.60 per ton. With proved ore reserves of 1,641,000 tons, Giant can continue milling at the present rate of 700 tons per day for the next 6½ years. Now that the expansion program has been completed, it appears that the mine is operating profitably. Present estimates indicate net profits for the fiscal year ending June 30 could reach 40 cents per share.

Market action has been limited since the first of the year, with the price moving between 11.75 and 9.15. Now that dividend payments have begun, it is possible for the stock to attempt a move through the 1951-1952 high of 13 on favorable news. Selling here, at 9.50, does not seem advisable.

Grandines Mines

I SHALL *appreciate your opinion on Grandines Mines Ltd., which I bought at 50 cents in expectation of its proving a worthwhile development.—R. F., Montreal.*

The possibilities of this lead-zinc-silver prospect developing into something worthwhile seem rather dim at the present time. With 3,225,005 of the authorized shares issued and $91,-829 in the treasury at last July's report, some form of a reorganization appears necessary to bring the property into production.

Considering that at the present prices for lead and zinc established companies are not doing too well, this property would have to have exceptionally rich values to become a profitable operation. Selling seems advisable.

Cassiar Asbestos

I HAVE *some Cassiar Asbestos which cost me $4. Should I hold this stock? Buy more or sell now?—E. T., Toronto.*

At the present market price of 7, Cassiar seems rather fully priced at this time. From the management's estimate of possible earnings, on a 500-ton per day basis, of 70 cents per ton before taxes and write-offs, this price is in line with what can be expected for the next few years.

While Cassiar has a considerable deposit of high grade asbestos, for which a market is assured, the world market for lower grades of asbestos fibres has steadily weakened.

Due to the long haul, by truck and rail from the mine to a seaport, freight costs are expected to run about $60-80 per ton to Vancouver. Mining, milling and freight rates may make all but the highest grades uneconomical to mine and thus limit production.

These factors have been reflected in the market action of the stock. Since the high of 9.50 was recorded in March, the stock has declined steadily, with considerable distribution evident above 7.50. At the end of April, the Toronto Stock Exchange reported that 3,600,000 shares of the authorized 4 million had been issued.

The chart pattern now indicates that an advance above 7.50 would be very difficult and the recent break to 6.50 suggests lower prices are possible. Further selling could carry the price down to about 4.50. Thus you would be wise to take your profit.

Altex Oils

COULD YOU *give an opinion on Altex Oils. I had thought it held promise, but market action does not seem to corroborate this view. Is it a safe stock to hold?—W. H. T., Ottawa.*

At 30 cents Altex has suffered a 66% decline from the high of 89 cents. From the limited amount of information we possess on this company, which shows a 10% interest in one Woodbend well and a 33% interest in one Redwater well together with varying interests in four capped gas wells, this price does not seem to indicate that an undervalued position has been reached. I suggest you upgrade your position by switching into a company with large reserves and working capital.

Hayes Steel

PLEASE GIVE *me an analysis of Hayes Steel Products Ltd. Do you think an increase in the dividend is likely in the next year or two? Would the company be eligible to pay a tax free dividend from undistributed surplus if the directors so saw fit? Would you consider the stock a good speculative investment?—C. W. F. E., Orillia, Ont.*

The activities of Hayes Steel are geared mainly to the automotive industry. As many observers consider car production has reached a peak, it seems unlikely that earnings and dividends will increase considerably over the next few years.

The company could pay a dividend out of surplus by paying an income tax of 15% and then issuing a preferred stock and redeeming it. The surplus of $4,989,716, reported for the year ending July 31, 1952, does not appear excessive.

At the current price of 34½, the stock appears rather high for a speculative advance. The present dividend of $1.50 affords a yield of only

4.35%. As this is less than can be obtained from high grade bonds and many major common stocks, it cannot be classed as an attractive investment.

The 1949-1951 bull market on the Toronto Exchange took the stock from 20 to 41. The bear market has brought it back to 33. To bring the yield up to 6% a decline to 25 will be necessary.

Finally, speculation is best done in stocks with large capitalizations in which there is a continuous market. You must think of getting out before you get in. Hayes, with an issue of 140,000 shares, is a thin and erratic trader and is not a good vehicle for speculation.

Dominion Steel

IS DOMINION STEEL *and Coal a good buy at the present market price of 12⅝? What would the true value of the common stock be?—H.E.B., Woodstock, Ont.*

Dominion Steel is not considered to be a good buy at the present time. While the stock is selling near its low, it cannot be considered a bargain.

The reason for the decline from the January price of 16⅜ has been simply the fact that the company is operating at a deficit. The net loss for the last fiscal year amounted to $3,845,925, or $8.66 per common share.

Much of this was due to the poor markets for coal in Central Canada. Competition from American coal mines and oil fuels has tended to force Nova Scotia coal out of this market. Steel operations have been more successful, and costs have been reduced by the modernization of production facilities. However, the peak of steel demand is apparently close at hand and increased competition from U.S. sources is in sight.

It seems doubtful that the company will be in a position to pay any dividends this year. This does not provide any speculative or investment interest to the stock.

The true value of the stock is expressed by the stock market. No stock is worth any more than it can be sold at. Book value, which in this case is $33.56, is secondary to dividend yields and the outlook of earnings in setting stock prices.

Canadian Canners

WOULD YOU *please give me your opinion of Canadian Canners Common? What has caused it to flop so quickly from 33 to 26? Would you advise me to get out?—H. V. B. Victoria, B.C.*

The primary cause of the rapid decline was the recent announcement that net profits for 1952 were 30% less than the previous year. Common share earnings declined from $3.67 to $2.25.

While it is true that, due to the seasonal nature of its packing activities, the company must carry considerable inventories for a year's business, the latest balance sheet does not appear too healthy. Working capital decreased from $13,588,278 to $12,750,866 while inventory increased from $18,611,134 to $19,851,005. Inventory in excess of working capital is not considered to be an indication of strength, for the excess must be carried by bank loans, which here amount to $6,914,505, and current working capital provided by borrowed money.

With inventory more than triple the 1946 figure of $6,840,115, when no bank loans were shown, the company appears to be in a topheavy position. It could be forced into the position of having to take inventory lossses to move these goods. Such an event would be reflected in earnings, dividends, and the stock price.

The stock has moved up from a 1949 low of 13¼, when the dividend was $1.25, to a 1951-1952 top near 34, and has now commenced a downtrend; so it appears, from all factors, to be a sale with downward objectives of 24 and 19.

Wilrich Petroleums

SOME TIME *ago I bought 1,000 shares of Wilrich Petroleums Ltd., at 1.67. I would like your opinion as to whether it has any future. Should I take a loss or buy more shares and bring my average down? —M. Y., Montreal.*

Like a good many other oil companies, the progress of Wilrich in the oil fields has been much better than the performance of its stock in the market. The company directly and indirectly, through its 35% interest in Excelsior refineries, now has interests in more than 90 producing wells. The majority of these are in the Lloydminster heavy oil field. Recently two successes, in which Wilrich has a substantial interest, were scored in the Montana sector of the Williston Basin.

The company's share of the oil reserves located by these wells is now estimated to be in excess of 9.3 million barrels. On the arbitrary valuation of heavy oil reserves, of 50 cents per barrel, these give an approximate per share value of 80 cents.

The present price of 60 cents shows that the stock is statistically undervalued after the long decline from the 1952 high of 2.05. It now appears to be much more of a buy than a sale, for an advance with an objective of 1.25.

In Brief

I HAVE *a holding of Joburke, purchased some time ago at about the present market. Should I hold or sell?—H.W., Hamilton.*

In my opinion the stock is a sale.

WOULD YOU *kindly inform me as to whether any settlement was offered shareholders when Thompson Cadillac Mining Corp. went into bankruptcy? —Mrs. C. T. G., Mount Royal, Que.*

No equity remained for shareholders.

COULD YOU *tell me anything about the future prospects of West-Bay Yellowknife Mines?—A.R.W., Montreal.*

West-Bay suspended operations in 1948. With cash reported at $10,000, it is evident that a reorganization would be necessary before any substantial amount of development work could be done even if conditions were favorable to gold mining. W. P. S.

A Balanced Investment Portfolio

Sound municipal debentures add strength and diversification to investment portfolios in which security is an important factor. Attractive interest returns are available.

We offer as principals the following municipal debentures at yields from 4.15% to 5.00%:

	Rate %	Maturity	Price*	Yield %
City of London, Ont.	4	1963	98.75	4.15
District of Oak Bay, B.C.	4½	1968	100.00	4.50
Moncton Public School Board, N.B.	4½	1973	98.00	4.65
City of Charlottetown, P.E.I.	4½	1973	97.00	4.73
Saskatoon School District No. 13, Sask.	4¾	1968	99.50	4.80
Town of Hearst, Ont.	4	1962	92.80	5.00

*Prices are quoted "and accrued interest"

Circulars describing each municipality and containing financial statistics will be forwarded on request. Mail or telephone enquiries receive prompt attention

Wood, Gundy & Company
Limited

Toronto Montreal Winnipeg Vancouver Halifax
Quebec Ottawa Hamilton London, Ont.
Kitchener Regina Edmonton Calgary
London, Eng. Victoria Chicago New York

EXECUTORS AND TRUSTEES FOR OVER HALF A CENTURY

Investments and Leisure...

Let us take over your investment worries. We shall be glad to explain how we can provide many valuable services in the handling of your securities, mortgages and real estate.

THE
ROYAL TRUST
COMPANY

Ask for our booklet on Management Service.

OFFICES ACROSS CANADA FROM COAST TO COAST

for those seeking increased income . . .

A CONVERTIBLE INCOME BOND FOR THE UNDECIDED

is the title of an analysis written by William K. Murray. This bond selling at a discount, yields about 5% and is convertible into 25 shares of common per $1000 bond. Dividend recently increased on common to 62½c quarterly, or $2.50 on an annual basis. We invite your inquiries. Analysis available upon request.

W. K. MURRAY & CO.
Investment Dealers
9 Adelaide Street East, Toronto, Ontario Em. 4-9277

THE *light* TOUCH

will improve your product

Imagination in **DESIGNING . . .** *creates sales-appeal* for your product!

Special skill in **CASTING . . .** *cuts costs* for your product!

Know-how in **MACHINING . . .** *speeds production* of your product!

Facilities for **FABRICATING . . .** *put more profit* into your product!

The highly developed technical skills and experience of our experts, combined with our complete plant facilities, from designing through production and finishing, are available to help you take advantage of the lightness, strength and durability of versatile magnesium. Write our Toronto sales office—find out how the light touch will improve your product.

LIGHT ALLOYS LIMITED

320 Bay Street, Toronto, Ontario.
Subsidiary of Dominion Magnesium Limited.

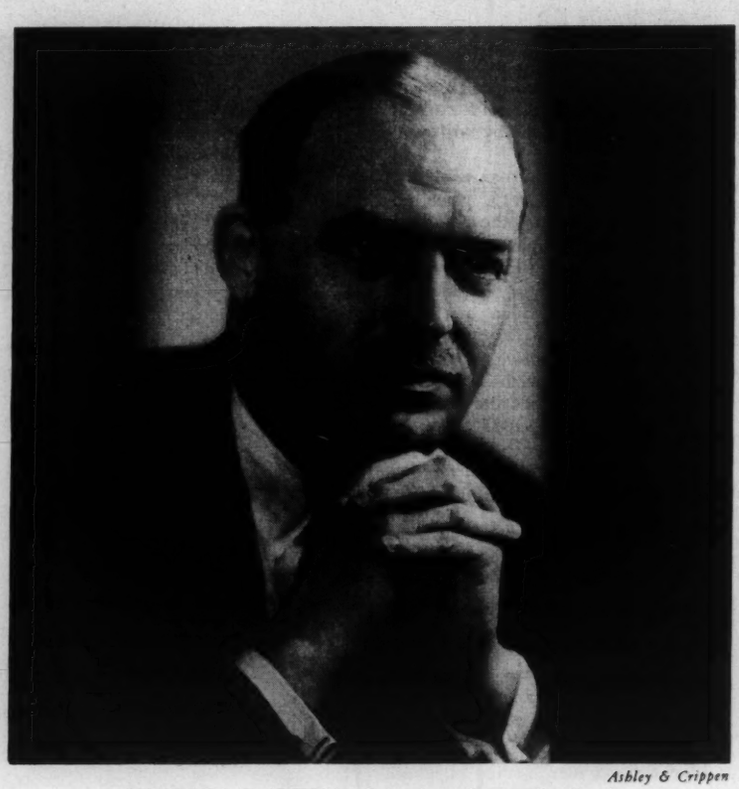
McCOLL-FRONTENAC OIL COMPANY LIMITED

"PREFERRED STOCK DIVIDEND NO. 28"

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a Dividend of $1.00 per share being at the rate of 4 per cent per annum has been declared on the 4% Cumulative Preferred Stock of McColl-Frontenac Oil Company Limited for the quarter ending June 30, 1953, payable July 30, 1953, to shareholders of record at the close of business on June 30, 1953.

By Order of the Board.

FRED HUNT, F.C.I.S.,
Secretary.



Ashley & Crippen

CHARLES DALTON: Sales have been stimulated.

Who's Who in Business

JUST OVER a century ago, encouraged by the popularity of his home-made ale in London, Ontario, Tom Carling, an immigrant Yorkshire farmer, built a brewery.

The brewery no longer stands, but if old Tom were still alive (he died in 1880) he would be gratified to find that the beer that bears his name can now be bought in his native Yorkshire. Carling Breweries Limited, with plants or brewing facilities in Sheffield, England; Cleveland, Ohio; Toronto, Waterloo and Montreal, is probably the only firm to brew in three countries.

In the last decade the Carling production has increased 500 per cent and is still rising.

In 1945, a newcomer to the industry, Lt.-Col. Charles Osborne Dalton, joined Canadian Breweries Limited, was transferred to its subsidiary, Carling's, the following year as Sales Manager and rose rapidly through the company. Eighteen months ago he became President, and now conducts operations from a small office in the century-old east-end building which houses the brewery's Toronto staff.

Charles Dalton at 43 years of age is a well-proportioned (5′ 10″, 173 pounds) active man with the erect bearing of a soldier. (He earned the DSO on D-Day for his courage on the Normandy beaches — an action in which he was seriously wounded.) He is a neat dresser with an affinity for the navy blue blazer which often identifies the tennis player. He plays whenever business duties permit.

Carling's President, the son of a grocery broker, started as a clerk with the Bank of Montreal, later joined the family business for a four-year spell, and spent the immediate pre-war years as salesman for a wholesale food firm, "dashing madly about Ontario" in a black Ford car.

By the time he went on active service with the Queen's Own Rifles of Canada in 1939, he had been married five years, and today has three children—Jane Anne, 15, Christopher 7, and 16-month-old Ian. Although his Army days are probably over, he is keenly interested in military history and collects literature and pictures concerning his old regiment.

Actually, the growth of Carling's has been such over the past few years its President has had little time for anything but work. Stimulating the sales of one thing or another has been virtually a life-long interest with him and his enthusiasm and optimism affect all his employees, who are kept constantly informed of the company's activities.

"We don't keep anybody in the dark about anything in this firm," says Mr. Dalton. "We try to keep everybody aware that more sales increase not only the company's prosperity but that of every worker in it."

JOHN WILCOCK

THE SUN IS EVERYWHERE

SUN INSURANCE OFFICE LTD. FOUNDED 1710 FIRE MARINE ACCIDENT

THE OLDEST INSURANCE OFFICE IN THE WORLD

Robert P. Simpson, Manager for Canada
15 WELLINGTON STREET EAST
TORONTO, ONTARIO

CANADIAN INVESTMENT FUND

Ask your Investment Dealer or Broker for prospectus.

CALVIN BULLOCK Ltd.

CONSOLIDATED PRESS LIMITED

CLASS "A" DIVIDEND NO. 47

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT at a meeting of the Directors of Consolidated Press Limited, held on June 8th, 1953, a dividend of Sixteen and One Quarter (16¼) cents per share on the Class "A" Shares of the Company was declared payable July 1st, 1953, to shareholders of record June 16th, 1953.

By Order of the Board.

WILLIAM ZIMMERMAN, Q.C.
Secretary.

Toronto, Ontario
June 8th, 1953.

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

Dividend No. 266

NOTICE is hereby given that a DIVIDEND OF THIRTY CENTS per share on the paid-up Capital Stock of this Bank has been declared for the quarter ending 31st July 1953 and that the same will be payable at the Bank and its Branches on and after SATURDAY, the FIRST day of AUGUST next, to Shareholders of record at the close of business on 30th June 1953. The Transfer Books will not be closed.

By Order of the Board

N. J. McKINNON,
General Manager

Toronto, 29th May 1953

The Business View

ALMOST a quarter of a million words were uttered in prepared addresses at the recent annual meeting of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association. Here are some excerpts:

K. A. Gardner, Assistant General Manager, Canadian Bank of Commerce—What of the good taxpayer? I think he may be said to have duties which go beyond the mere prompt payment of his just tax indebtedness. He should if possible keep himself informed, not just in regard to rates, schedules and the upper limit of deductible items, but also as to the basis and consequences of current monetary and fiscal policy . . . and be prepared if necessary to substitute for his grumbling generalizations some articulate and specific criticism.

R. W. Byers, General Manager, Ontario Safety League.—It is not uncommon in business and industry to conduct full scale investigations into the use of paper clips and rubber bands because stationery expense has jumped $500; yet direct accident costs of $5,000 over and above insurance premiums in a 15-car fleet go unnoticed because management has not demanded a clear accounting of accident costs. Do you know how much traffic accidents are taking from your balance sheet each year?

J. R. White, President, Imperial Oil Ltd.—The belief that because there was a stock market decline following the Malenkov peace manoeuvres, it followed that business and the economy had something to fear from peace . . . . . is nothing short of deplorable. Such a view boils down to acceptance of the utterly false notion that business prosperity depends on war and preparation for war, hence industry wants war . . . .

Lacking anything to the contrary, it becomes easy for people to point to factories and other "achievements" of wartime. They see them as additions to industry resulting from war. There they are, large as life. But nobody can point to the expansion that was prevented, to the factories which were not permitted to be built because a war was going on . . . .

The 1939 war showed, for example, that our economy needed a shot of inflation and a dose of confidence. These came with the war, but it was they that were needed, not war.

J. R. Petrie, Jones, Heward, & Co., Montreal—It should not be forgotten that the public welfare and social security program of the modern welfare state goes a long way towards achieving social justice . . . the redistribution of wealth and income should be incidental to taxation rather than a fundamental objective to be written into the revenue-raising program, lest both golden eggs and the goose be destroyed. In the Canadian tax system, which is hardly designed consciously to break up family fortunes, we have had the all-too-familiar results of the impact of succession duties and income taxes on many economic enterprises, particularly family and private corporations. Any virtue attached to a "fair" redistribution of wealth and income is more than offset when taxation forces the liquidation of productive business enterprises.

C. E. Carson, Director, Imperial Oil, Ltd.—Appraisal of the ability of men is admittedly a delicate matter. No one likes to feel he is being analyzed by his superiors, yet that sort of thing has to go on wherever there is an employer and an employee. In the larger organizations, where somewhat formal procedures are necessary, it is vital to let it be known that this is done not to establish an elite—but to make absolutely certain that no person's qualifications for advancement or need for training is being overlooked.

J. E. Hanna, National Research Council of Canada—Those of you who eat at cafeterias must frequently have been bothered, as I have, by the fact that your coffee is almost always lukewarm by the time you drink it. However, we have added a very simple feature which guarantees that at least the temperature of your cafeteria coffee will be satisfactory when you come to drink it.

The foot on the bottom of the saucer is designed to mate with the top of the cup, like this, so if you wish you may put the saucer on top of the cup and carry your cafeteria tray to the table where you are going to eat without fear of it sliding off.

PALEFACE TOTEM POLE

(with a very important man at the base!)

KEY TO FACES:

Top: This man represents The Spirit of Building—especially the building of homes, schools, roads, power plants and other useful developments often financed by invested life insurance dollars.

Second from top: Here is The Spirit of Health, as promoted through medical research projects aided by life insurance companies. These projects support science's war against polio, cancer, heart disease and processes of ageing.

Third from top: The Spirit of Employment is symbolized by this worker. He might be any of the *thousands* of workers with good jobs in some of Canada's new factories, which life insurance dollars have helped to create.

Base: *The Spirit of Life Insurance*, represented by a policyholder, is put here because in a certain sense all the others depend upon him. It is money from *his* premiums, invested by his life insurance company, that so often helps them serve you in all these useful ways.

So, if *you* are a life insurance policyholder, remember — you are more than a good provider for your family. You're also a Very Important Person who is helping to make Canada a better land to live in!

AT YOUR SERVICE

A trained life underwriter, representing one of the more than 50 Canadian, British and United States life insurance companies in Canada, will gladly help you plan for your family's security and your own needs in later years. Rely on him!

THE LIFE INSURANCE COMPANIES IN CANADA

"It is Good Citizenship to own Life Insurance"

L353FM

HAVERGAL COLLEGE

Toronto — Established 1894

DAY and BOARDING SCHOOL for GIRLS
From Kindergarten to University Entrance

Curriculum modernized to meet today's educational needs. Spacious buildings set in 35 acres of beautiful grounds. Usual school subjects including Art, Music, Dramatics, Physical Training and Games.

For Information and Prospectus
Write: THE PRINCIPAL, MISS CATHERINE STEELE, M.A.

NEW TERM:—*New Boarders—Wed., Sept. 9—Returning Boarders—Thurs., Sept. 10*
School Opens—Fri., Sept. 11

53

They're Safer than Money

OBTAINABLE FROM ALL
CANADIAN PACIFIC AGENTS AND MOST BANKS

time for

Dog tired? Feel good again with a cool bottle of clear, light Old Vienna Beer.

OLD VIENNA TREATS YOU RIGHT

KV-5-4

Export Opportunities

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

to other European nations, it naturally prefers to import from them.

In France, the process of trade liberalization is one of the slowest. Chances are that it will get worse before it gets better. The balance of external payments is in as shocking a state as the internal budget. Because of heavy import restrictions, French manufacturers are largely protected from outside competition and produce inefficiently. Taxation is sky-high and inflation a permanent feature of the economy. Even exports have been falling off lately because of high prices. Yet, the over-all living standard is not low. In fact, it is currently 6 per cent above pre-war, when the financial health of France was incomparably better than it is now.

There is one field in which Canadian manufacturers may have an unsuspected opportunity of doing more business in Europe. Large defence purchases are currently being made all over Europe, and since they are financed from dollar funds earmarked for that purpose, there are no difficulties with currency restrictions.

Some Canadian firms have already appointed resident agents in Paris for the sole purpose of bidding for SHAPE contracts and one of them was recently successful in landing a million-dollar contract for communications equipment. In addition to Supreme Headquarters in Paris, there are subordinate commands of SHAPE in Naples, Smyrna, Oslo and Germany who accept bids for transport equipment, building materials, electronic parts and appliances and the services of engineering consultants. While it is true that American firms have, as a rule, better connections with these agencies, many are too busy at home to bother much about them and procuring officers are usually quite ready to consider offers from outside the U.S.

Some of the national governments of Europe are holding dollars from NATO's common pool of currencies, which they can spend fairly freely for NATO-approved purposes. Of the dollar funds earmarked by the United States for offshore purchases, the largest part is to be spent in Europe, but where the materials are not available there, the orders can go to other countries, including Canada. Sometimes a European plant gets a dollar contract for defence material, but has to import parts in order to complete it. In such instances, a Canadian manufacturer can get the business by keeping in touch with the contractors in Europe and selling them directly.

It is not likely that Canada will become an important supplier of varied manufactured products to Europe in the near future. European purchasing power is too low, tastes too different and local competition too keen—not to mention the problems of convertibility and trade balances—but there are still far more opportunities than is commonly realized. It may well be worth an effort to exploit them more systematically, if only to lay the foundations for the future, when European markets may once again be easily accessible.

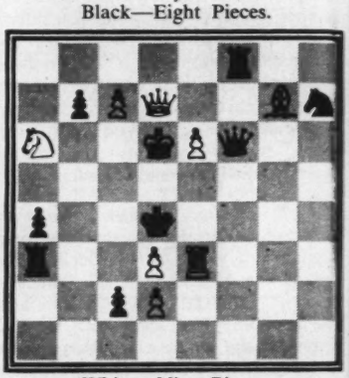
Chess Problem

IN DR. W. H. BETTMANN'S "Babsontask" three-move self-mate, White has to reply similarly to the four promotions of a single black Pawn.

First, to convey a general understanding of the involved situation, the author has recourse to a minor promotion key, which essentially pins the QKtP and at the same time avoids guarding the white QR. Then, as it is policy for Black to avoid playing RxR mate, his only play is with his advanced Pawn. After its promotion, via a capture, most moves of the promoted piece lead to its simple capture, leaving Black only the said RxR mate for his third move.

White: K on QR5; Q on KR3; Rs on QR6 and KR2; B on KKt1; Kts on KB1 and KR8; Ps on QR7, QKt4, QB3, QB5, K4, KB7, KR4 and KR6. Black: K on QB3; R on QKt3; Ps on QKt2, QB2 and KB7. White self-mates in three.

Problem No. 19 by K. A. L. Kubbel
Black—Eight Pieces.



White—Nine Pieces.

White to play and mate in two.

In the four variations of the "Babsontask" problem below, we narrow down to the play that indicates White's need to follow with the like promotions:

1. P-R8(B), PxB(Q); 2. P-B8(Q), QxKt or QxPch (Q-Kt1; 3. QxQ); 3. P-Kt5ch, QxP mate.

1. P-R8(B), PxB(R); 2. P-B8(R), RxKt or R-Kt1; 3. RxR, RxR mate.

1. P-R8(B), PxB(B); 2. P-B8(B), BxP; 3. BxB, RxR mate.

1. P-R8(B), PxB(Kt); 2. P-B8(Kt), KtxQ; 3. RxKt, RxR mate.

In the first variation White must promote to a Q in order to guard his QB5, Q6 and QKt8.

In the second variation White must promote to a R in order to guard his KB1 and QKt8. Recapturing on KB1 with this new R avoids guarding his QR; the point.

In the third variation White must promote to a B to guard his QB5 and Q6. Recapturing on QB5 with this new B avoids giving a check; the point.

In the fourth variation White must promote to a Kt to put an extra guard on Q7, as his Q falls; the point.

Solution of Problem No. 18

Key-move 1. Kt-Kt3, threatening 2. Q-K4 mate. If Kt-Q3; 2. BxP mate. If Kt-Q5; 2. QxB mate. If Kt-B3; 2. R-Kt5 mate. If Kt-B5; 2. QxP mate. If KKt else; 2. RxP mate. If BxR; 2. KtxP mate. "CENTAUR"

Women

Federal Newsphoto

TANYA MOISEIWITSCH: Stage and Shakespeare *(page 36)*

Conversation Pieces

RECENTLY French writer Colette celebrated her 80th birthday. We were reminded of the event by the arrival of Canadian Margaret Bannerman in Toronto for a few days' visit. Miss Bannerman flew in from San Francisco, where the year's tour of *Gigi* had closed. This naughty play is an adaptation of a Colette novel; Miss Bannerman played the role of the Aunt, who arranges an "establishment" for her niece, only to find later that the young man proposes marriage. The play has been filmed in France; is shortly to be done in Hollywood.

Another Frenchwoman promises to reveal her age. Friends claim that Mistinguette, too, is at least 80. But, unlike Colette, the famous dancer has refused to acknowledge any age. Now she is writing her memoirs, and intends to include her birth date, as well as details of her life and loves.

Coty has the answer to summer heat, in a new Solid Cologne. It comes in a purse-size stick, in Coty's famous four fragrances: L'Aimant, L'Origan, Emeraude and Paris.

Heading their organizations: Mrs. Mary Owens, of Winnipeg, elected worthy grand matron of the Grand Chapter of Manitoba, Order of the Eastern Star, at the 31st annual session; Mrs. Ruth Reid, dietitian of the Bank of Montreal, Montreal, elected President of the Canadian Dietetic Association; Mrs. Galt Durnford, re-elected President of the Ladies' Committee of the Montreal Museum of Fine Arts.

Margaret Aitken will not be the only woman seeking election as a Progressive Conservative candidate in Toronto in the next Federal election. Mrs. Irene McBrien, who has served nine terms as a school trustee, decided to go after the PC nomination for the Parkdale riding and won it from two male opponents.

Cheap rent: a blast on a horn is all the rent due the Queen for one Scottish estate.

The fresh strawberry season will soon be over, which reminds us that too many people have forgotten how delicious this fruit can be with biscuit dough. We suggest: sliced (not crushed) berries, sprinkled with sugar, laid over rich biscuit dough and rolled up jelly-roll style. Curve and shape on greased cookie sheet. Bake and serve with strawberry sauce.

What does the ideal secretary wear? "A suit," said Jeanette Janvrin, selected as Britain's perfect secretary. A guest of Dictaphone, she met cool Toronto weather in a grey lightweight wool suit, by English Jaeger's.

Married this Saturday: Judy Drope, daughter of Mrs. Kathleen Drope, the new President of the National IODE, to Bruce Craik, of Hamilton, in historic St. Mark's Anglican Church at Niagara-on-the-Lake; Constance Shink, daughter of Lt.-Col. Georges H. Shink, QC, to Jacques Alleyn, both of Quebec City.

Adrian and Lilly Dache, top designers of women's fashions, have stepped into the men's field, with silk foulard and shantung ties for males.

Weddings: Shirley Diana Aldritt-Squire, of Mexico City, to Austin G. Taylor, of Vancouver; Marie Iosch, harpist with *Les Concerts Symphoniques*, Montreal, to Gino Lorcini, of Manchester, England; Elizabeth Murray, L.Mus, RCAD, of Toronto, daughter of Rev. George Murray, of Westfield, NB, to Gordon B. Coll, son of Rev. Dr. Norman Coll, OBE, of Ottawa; Marjorie Joan Doucette, a 1952 Calgary debutante, to Bernard William Hanna, of Calgary.

JOAN RIGBY

104 BLOOR STREET WEST
TORONTO

Dresses
Suits
Coats
Accessories

Bridal Department,
KI. 9549

Accessory Department,
MI. 7636

Store, MI. 4969

BRANKSOME HALL
1953 — Our Golden Jubilee Year
A Residential and Day School for Girls
10 Elm Avenue Toronto
Junior and Honour Matriculation

Junior School — Art — Music — Home Economics — Secretarial Course — Swimming Pool — Skiing at School Farm comprising 50 acres — Skating. Toronto property consists of eight buildings, Modern class-rooms, 3 Residences and 10 acres of land.
Fall term commences September 9th.
Early Registration necessary.
For illustrated calendar write the Principal
MISS EDITH M. READ, M.A., LL.D.

Ontario Ladies' College
WHITBY, ONTARIO

Residential and Day School for Girls, near Toronto.
Grades 1 to 13 and Vocational.
Valuable entrance scholarships.
Write for prospectus.

REV. S. L. OSBORNE
B.A., B.D., Mus. D.,
Principal

DANCE *frock by Bill Mintz of Trend, viscose and silk peau de soie in coin dot of black and grey. Photographed on the balcony of the Manor House, Ste. Agathe des Monts. Obtainable at Joan Rigby, Toronto.*

Photos by David Bier

Montreal Fashions Visit Laurentian Resorts

HAND *knitted dress of viscose ribbon, with black velvet trim. Photographed at Laing's Antique Shop, Ste. Agathe.*

SEPARATES *by Lillimar, viscose and cotton, with old carriages screened on hemline. Photographed on the sun deck of Ste. Adèle Lodge, overlooking the pool. Obtainable at Morgan's.*

ACTION *separates of viscose linen, from Fairway, button trimmed skirt and sleeveless blouse. Photographed on putting green in front of the Alpine Inn, Ste. Marguerite. Obtainable at Alton Lewis.*

• •

It's Only Half Finished

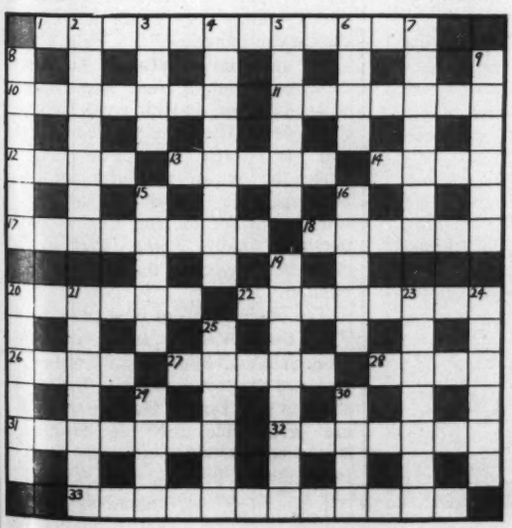
By Louis and Dorothy Crerar

ACROSS

1, 33. How the farmer might strike while the iron is hot. (4,3,5,3,3,6)
10. This branch of the family evidently didn't start early. (7)
11. Responsible for a decrease in moonshine. (7)
12. Like a chump he conceals it. (4)
13. Ay, there it is, as Hamlet said, but it takes a little science to find it in the forest. (5)
14. It might be advisable to visit Dr. Lancelot if you have one. (4)
17. Does it help you to see if you're biting off more than you can chew? (8)
18. He came to court as a bewildered tourist, and lost his head. (6)
20. Trilby might have been sold by the rat in disguise. (6)
22. Despite Haydn's work, Genesis doesn't give him credit for it. (8)
26. The way that 15s walk? (4)
27. They leave you wide open for one who would jump down your throat. (5)
28. This circus keeps its performers on the jump. (4)
31. You might turn sour on one. (7)
32. Wanting this might make one go to pot. (7)
33. See 1.

DOWN

2. I take claret to compose one. (7)
3. Learning holds the power to do it. (4)
4. The cockney's greeting to Catherine, perhaps, may put her in her place. (8)
5. Expression of one who gets the dole? (6)
6. Well, you shouldn't have any! (4)
7. This exploration, though without food, may find it in the end. (7)
8. Where the heart is worn out through lack of reserve? (6)
9. Sounds as if he can't keep secrets, but he may keep account of yours. (6)
15. He rises in revolt, most ardently. (5)
16. Certainly not top brass, but they start things booming. (5)
19. Theseus was given a build-up on two of them. (8)
20. Maybe the dawn came up like thunder when this of Peel was on view. (6)
21. Brown appears to have been a gentleman. (7)
23. Les dies from doing nothing in archaic fashion. (7)
24. You'll get this if you consider it closely. (6)
25. Where to get the sun as a change from our winters. (6)
29. These hills may look like mountains under magnification. (4)
30. The detachment of your neighbour, perhaps. (4)



Solution to Last Week's Puzzle

ACROSS

1. Chatterbox
6. Duet
10. Infield 11. Chattel
12. Wallpaper
14. Seral 15. Glasses
17. Cosmos 19. Smacks
21. Arbiter 24. Annie
25. Murmurous
27. Kitchen
28. Gehenna
29. Ears
30. Mouthpiece

DOWN

1. Chinwags
2. Awful
3. Thespis
4. Rod
5. Occur
7. Uttermost
8. See 23
9. Passes
13. Pests
16. Axminster
17. Chair
18. Brisbane
20. Crèche
21. Air
22. Brush-up
23, 8. Walkie-talkie
25. Mango
26. Ounce
28. Gut

(267)

WITH ELIZABETH ARDEN'S SUN PREPARATIONS

ARDENA SUN PRUF LOTION—promotes a smooth golden tan; gives a protective screen against sun. Non-sticky, non-oily—salt water will not wash it off. 1.50

ARDENA SUN PRUF CREAM—fluffy vanishing type—protects from burning*. Excellent powder base. A boon for men as it protects bald heads. 1.65

ARDENA SUNTAN OIL—encourages a superb bronze tan. For men as well as women. 1.35 and 1.90

ARDENA SUN GELÉE—excellent for dry skin. Gives a high glossy tan and filters out the sun's burning rays*. 1.90

How to keep as fair as you like

ARDENA SUN BLOC LOTION—keeps the skin fair; prevents both tanning and burning*. A light non-oily lotion type; stays on in water. 2.50

SLEEK—to keep legs flawlessly smooth; the one depilatory, safe, fragrant and easy to use. 1.65 tube.

ELECTRA WAX—if you prefer a wax depilatory; smoothly removes unsightly hair from arms and legs. 5.50. Refill, 2.75

VELVA LEG FILM—tint your legs a sunny hue. Cooler than stockings, smoother than silk, more durable than nylons! Stays on even while swimming. 1.25

ARDENA EIGHT HOUR CREAM—soothes skin and lips after unwise exposure. Excellent for problem skin and brittle sun-dried hair and scalp. 1.65, 2.75

**When applied according to directions*

Elizabeth Arden

SIMPSON'S, TORONTO

And At Smartest Shops In Every Town

2500-G

EATON'S

Summerizing

THE SWEATER SET

. . . a cool, cropped pullover with high-rising turtle neck— a classic cardigan. From a select collection of sweaters at EATON'S— top fashion for active and attractive moments.

EATON'S—CANADA'S LARGEST RETAIL ORGANIZATION . . . STORES AND ORDER OFFICES FROM COAST-TO-COAST

Theatre Designer

FROM London to Canada in a car cargo ship: that was the way Tanya Moiseiwitsch chose to travel to get to the Shakespearean Festival in Stratford, Ont. "It was restful," she explained.

"Restful" is the word that describes Miss Moiseiwitsch herself. She sits quietly, hands relaxed in her lap; she moves quietly and gracefully; and there was a quiet purposefulness as she went around Toronto, to see how the costumes she had designed for the Festival plays were coming along.

Her home in London, on Sloane Street, is simple and unpretentious. She does not even have a large studio, her work being mostly done backstage, at the theatre. As a designer of theatre costumes she has few equals. But she does not design her own clothes; she claims she hasn't the time. Indeed, you get the impression that she does not care particularly what she wears. When asked what her favorite colors were, she said, without certainty, "Dark shades, I guess." She is 5 feet 6½ inches tall, but her preference for flat heels makes her look shorter.

Unlike so many people in the arts who like nothing better than to experiment in the kitchen, she is not a good cook. "Recipes terrify me. Things get burned while I'm reading what to do. But a favorite dessert is one left over from childhood—stewed pears, vanilla ice cream, with hot chocolate sauce and garnished with blanched almonds, but it's too fattening."

Miss Moiseiwitsch was born in London, England, to a violinist mother and a pianist father, the famous Benno Moiseiwitsch. "I was alleged to have said, at a very early age, that I preferred my music box to my parents' playing. Later on, I was taught the harp but gave it up for the piano. But I was not up to concert pitch at either instrument." She also took ballet lessons but "never worked hard enough to gain professional standard." Second best is not for her.

"I moved from one English school to another; paid attention when we had literature or history. And I took extra music and dancing at the expense of mathematics and hockey. The only examination I ever passed was for drawing. This started an idea which steadily grew as my interest in the theatre increased."

She spent several years at London's Central School of Arts and Crafts, where costume designing was part of the course. Then she trained at the Old Vic Theatre, as a scene painter. Now she is an authority on the Shakespearean period and has costumed most of the big English productions. Oddly, *Richard III* never came her way until the Stratford invitation.

The other Stratford play, *All's Well That Ends Well,* is to be done in modern dress. Miss Moiseiwitsch has designed the costumes for it, too. And she and Dr. Tyrone Guthrie together are responsible for the Stratford stage, so startingly original it will make theatre history.

MARGARET NESS

Lighter Side

Pass the Udder Udder

MY FRIEND MISS A. is convinced that every current upset and disturbance, from the New England tornadoes to the British Columbia elections, is caused by the atomic tests in Nevada.

"How else do you account for the fact that otherwise intelligent people are ready to support anything as outrageous as the Social Credit theory?" she asked.

"What *is* the Social Credit theory?" I asked.

"I haven't the faintest idea," Miss A. said.

Rudyard the parrot, stirring on his perch, began to clear his throat, and Miss A. went on quickly, "The people of British Columbia will simply have to find some alternative to Socialism and Social Credit."

"Oh pass the udder udder,
Over to my udder brudder," said Rudyard.

"It's probably a matter of rays or radiation or something that affects the nuclear structure of the brain," Miss A. went on, raising her voice. "Otherwise, how do you account for Senator McCarthy and the Reverend Hewlett Johnson? How do you explain Dorothy Thompson's support of Senator Taft?"

"Of the cow that we once had us,
And the name of her was Gladys," shouted Rudyard.

It was too much for Miss A. She went over, shook the cage vigorously, and then set it down emphatically in the broom closet and shut the door. The singing continued for a little, then subsided into an indistinguishable mutter, followed by silence. After a moment, she brought it out again and hung it on its stand.

"Lord God of Hosts, what a twister!" Rudyard said.

"Look, you have the wrong approach," I said as Miss A. rose wrathfully. "Rudyard's mind simply doesn't make the connection between blasphemy and the broom closet. The intelligent approach to behavior-problem is substitution. Why don't you give him something constructive to do?"

In the end she found a piece of cuttle-fish bone and, opening the cage, fixed it between the bars. Rudyard eyed it listlessly and presently burst out again,

"She had 27 spigots
And the neighbors all bought
tickets—"

"Let's go into the dinette where we can have a little peace," Miss A. said.

WE HAD a cup of tea, but Miss A. seemed moody and upset. I tried to interest her in the problem of Mr. Syngman Rhee, but she refused to be diverted.

"He has a mind like a piece of dirty blotting paper," she said suddenly.

"Isn't that going too far?" I said. "Mr. Rhee may have a rather shady past, but after all—"

"I don't mean Syngman Rhee, I mean Rudyard," Miss A. said. "The truth is, he and I haven't a single thing in common. His tastes are fundamentally low."

She stared moodily into the bottom of her cup, and there was another long silence. "Well, you can hardly blame Mr. Rhee," I said after a while, "if he feels that his country has been deserted in a moment of crisis and the only solution—"

"The only solution is to donate him to the local zoo," Miss A. said.

When we returned to the living-room ten minutes later, the cage door stood open and Rudyard had vanished.

"He's gone!" Miss A. cried, and rushed to the open window. But there was no sign of Rudyard anywhere.

"Now don't get all upset," I said, "we'll find him. He can't have gone far."

SHE sank trembling into the nearest chair. "I couldn't have closed the cage door properly when I put in the cuttle-fish bone," she said, "and then he probably heard me talking about him and just opened the door and slipped away."

I brought her aspirin and a box of Kleenex. "We'll find him," I said. "We'll put a description of him on the air."

"He was the simplest, kindest-hearted little soul alive," Miss A. said in a shaken voice, and added in a wail, "Oh why do these terrible unexpected things have to happen?"

I shook my head. "I expect it has something to do with the atomic tests in Nevada," I said.

"I wouldn't be surprised," Miss A. said drearily, taking another Kleenex. "And to think that only an hour ago he was there singing his heart out. And then without any warning—"

"Boing," said a voice under the day-bed.

We reached it simultaneously and pulled up the frill. "Rudyard," Miss A. cried in rapture. "Hi, Oakhead," he said coldly.

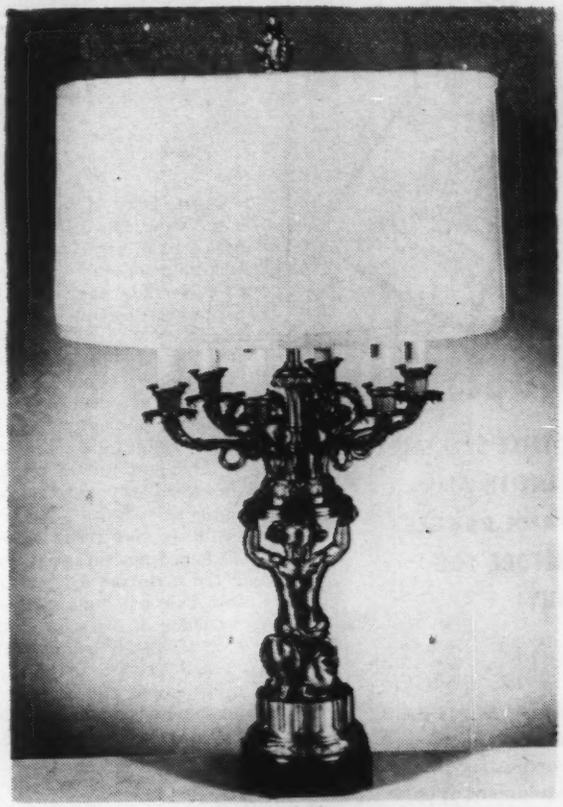
She brought him out, smoothed down his feathers and put him back safely in the cage. After a moment, he began to climb the bars, and then, from a horizontal position took up again the ballad of Gladys:

"Gladys said 'I'm upside down,
please what's the gag?'
'Well, the reason why,' said Pop, 'is
so the cream will be on top,'
And the cow said, 'In that case it's
in the bag.'
Oh-h, pass the udder udder'—"

"Isn't he marvellous!" Miss A. said. "He remembered every single word. He has a mind like a steel trap!"

MARY LOWREY ROSS

"Something Old"...



Superb version of a rare French antique, authentically copied in permanently finished bronzed metal. This distinguished lamp will add lustre to traditional decor . . . will make an elegant gift for June brides with a flair for "something old".

Complete with a washable hand-sewn silk shantung shade, it is 28 inches tall and priced at

74.95 Complete

Many other unique reproductions from which to choose.

LINDSAY STUDIOS
LIMITED
80 BLOOR WEST - - - - - - - - - KI. 2151
TORONTO

LYNCH POOLS
BRAMPTON, ONT.

Residential Gunite Pools especially designed for Canadian climate

DESIGN • CONSTRUCTION • EQUIPMENT

If you are planning to build or repair a swimming pool, our firm has the organization, equipment, facilities and "know how", so that you deal with one party.

DESIGN	Engineering surveys, specification, supervision and plans to individual requirements.
CONSTRUCTION	Excavation, drainage, concrete work, "Gunite", piping, sand blasting, painting, landscaping.
EQUIPMENT	(Furnished and installed) filters, pumps, chlorinators, underwater lights, vacuum cleaners, heating systems, pool fittings, diving boards, ladders, test sets, chemicals, etc.

TELEPHONE 2037, BRAMPTON, ONTARIO

investigate

- OFFICE SPECIALTY'S
- LINE IN ALL
- PRICE RANGES
- BEFORE YOU
- BUY!

Where cost is the deciding factor in purchasing office equipment, it only stands to reason that the best must be had for the money spent.

Office Specialty's complete line offers you the widest choice in styling and price, with no sacrifice in quality.

You can always depend upon us.

we make, sell, guarantee it

OFFICE SPECIALTY
Manufacturing Co. Limited

NEWMARKET, ONTARIO

branches coast to coast

CAPE COD · CAPE COD · CAPE COD · CAPE COD · CAPE COD · CAPE COD · CAPE COD · CAPE COD

Come! Enjoy the clean blue sea, golden sun and silver sands. Swim, sail, play golf, fish for bass or tuna—or just relax in a story book setting on romantic old

CAPE COD

Write for color map and directory, telling when coming, length of stay, number rooms needed, whether hotel, guest house or housekeeping cottage is desired—to Cape Cod Chamber of Commerce, Room 109, 298 Main St., Hyannis, Mass.

The Backward Glance

35 Years Ago This Week in Saturday Night

IN THE ISSUE of SATURDAY NIGHT for June 29, 1918, The Front Page "leader" was aimed at the United Farmers, who were then vigorously defending the right of farm boys to be exempt from military service. SATURDAY NIGHT said, "The United Farmers . . . assume that . . . all the fighting should be done by city men." The editorial, for another column and a quarter, cited specific cases in which farmers' sons had been given exemptions, even though some of them had held city jobs until the war began.

SATURDAY NIGHT had received several letters from super-patriots, prodding the magazine to "get after" Sir Robert Falconer for advocating that the teaching of German not be dropped from Canada's high-school curriculum. It scoffed at the suggestions of these people, and accused them of aping some educational bodies in the United States. These home-guard "patriots" have largely disappeared from our society today, although we did have a brief flurry of anti-Japanese hate fever during the last War, especially on the West Coast. This was partly due to the unrealistic and unjust attitude of the Government, whose officials saw a Japanese spy behind every Vancouver fruit counter and a radio transmitting set in every Japanese fishing launch. But even against the Japanese our jingoism did not approach that directed against Germany 25 years earlier. Today, we have advanced even further from the idea that every member of the race we happen to be fighting is either an ogre or a spy; although we are fighting Chinese Communists in Korea, we, personally, have yet to hear of an act of vandalism against a Chinese-Canadian. Let's keep this record clean.

Speaking of records, the Brunswick Company advertised some of its latest releases of 35 years ago. They were all Fox-Trots and One-Steps except *Mighty Lak A Rose* (a waltz) and a zippy little number called *Hilo*, a Hawaiian One-Step, whatever that was. You may remember some of the other sides, which were sure cool, man. Remember *Razzberries*, *Vamp-A-Vamp Rag*, *Livery Stable Blues*, and the *Cavalry Wiggle?*

Under The Bookshelf, *A Minstrel In France* by Harry Lauder was reviewed. In it he told of receiving the news of the death in action in France of his son, Captain John Lauder of the Argyle and Sutherland Highlanders, and of the difficulty he had in going on the stage to sing his humorous songs. True to show-business tradition, he *did* go back, and later on he took a small troupe and a portable piano to the trenches, where he entertained the troops.

It is probably safe to suppose that if all the books ever written on the Russian Revolution and its aftermath were piled between Brest-Litovsk and Potsdam, they would reach higher into the stratosphere than the latest Red rocket. Even in June, 1918, with the Revolution only a few months old, SATURDAY NIGHT said, "If we don't know the real causes and course of the Revolution it will certainly not be for lack of books being written about it."

There were two books on Russia reviewed in that issue of the magazine, *The Little Grandmother Of The Russian Revolution* by Catherine Breshkovsky, and *Inside The Russian Revolution* by Rheta Childe Dorr. The first book dealt mainly with a revolutionist's experiences before the Revolution, plus her subsequent disillusionment, while the second one was a gushy little thing more concerned with the Tzarina and Rasputin than with the really important aspects of a movement that was to enslave one-sixth of the world's people.

An item in the Financial Section called for the invention of a more durable horseshoe, while an advertisement on another page, in which Ford cars were offered for $575, made horseshoes obsolescent, even then. We do not share the nostalgic longings of thousands of our fellow citizens for the long-lost blacksmith's shops. To us, they all smelled like charnel houses, and we were deathly afraid of being kicked in the teeth by either the horses or the smiths. The blacksmith shops disappeared into a void, but we know what happened to the blacksmiths: they all became cooks in the Navy during World War II.

The Housing Committee of the Ontario Government offered a $500 prize for "a solution to the housing problem". Hasn't anybody ever taken them up during the past 35 years? And a "bungalow style residence" containing ten rooms was offered for sale in Oakville, Ontario. This little ten-room shack also contained a few extras that you'd never find in Mortgage Acres today, such as ⅞ inch oak floors, quarter-cut oak doors and trim, reception hall, storage room, living room with a fireplace big enough to hold a ten-foot log, upstairs balcony, five bedrooms, two baths, and many other features that the modern suburbanite dreams of when he is trying to re-hang his doors or bail water from the top cellar step.

A Savoyard touch was given to the Society section with the announcement that Prince Arthur of Connaught had arrived in Japan to present the Mikado with a British field marshal's baton. When did the Japanese ruler stop being a Mikado and become a mere Emperor? And while we are in a quizzing frame of mind, can anybody under 50 describe the article of women's clothing called a "guimp"?

FROM the London Letter we learn that Germany had been accused of deliberately bombing Allied hospitals in France, and that a seamen's association in Britain had added another two months to the "boycott-Germany" reprisals they were saving until after the war. This threatened boycott had, by June, 1918, reached the impressive total of five years and eight months. The women members of the First Aid Nursing Yeomanry Motor Ambulance Convoy had been christened "The Fannies".

The British military mentality has never taken an imaginative approach to the naming of women's service units. We've had ATS, CWACs, WACs, and WRCNS (pronounced "Wrens") and WDs, but none with a name as pretty as the American WAVES. But still, we should console ourselves with the fact that Canada had no unit in World War Two nicknamed the "Fannies", a word with a secondary North American connotation. If there had been, the unit would have had the lowest recruiting ratio outside the Kamikaze suicide service, and its members would have developed a neurosis from wondering what was meant when jovial servicemen shouted at them from the rear.

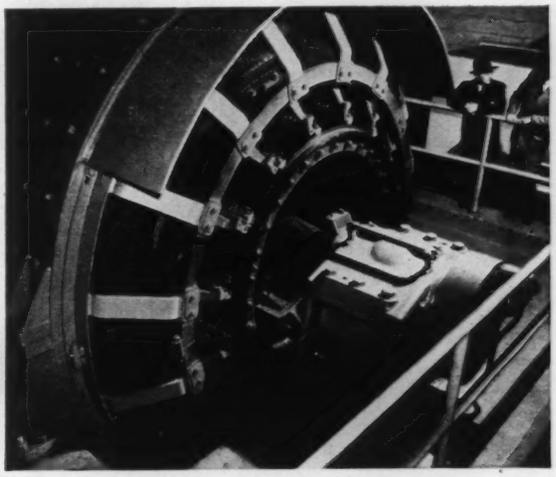
INDEX

	PAGE
BOOKS	20
BUSINESS	27
CHESS	32
FILMS	24
FOREIGN AFFAIRS	10
IF MEMORY SERVES	9
LETTERS	5
LIGHTER SIDE	37
LITERARY LIFE	19
OTTAWA LETTER	11
SPORTS	25
TRAVEL	12
WOMEN	33

SATURDAY NIGHT
ESTABLISHED 1887
VOL. 68 NO. 38 WHOLE NO. 3138

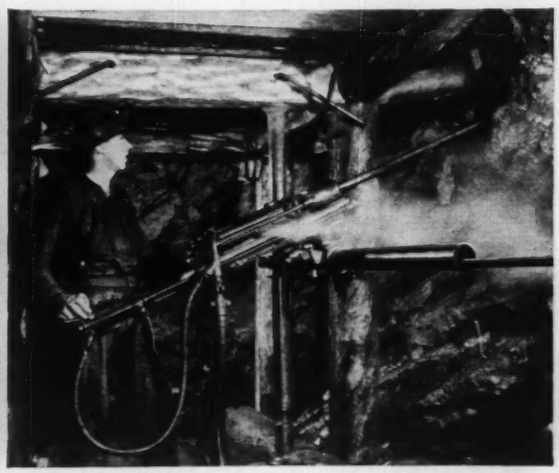
Editorial Board, Robertson Davies, J. A. Irving, E. J. Pratt; Editor, Gwyn Kinsey; Managing Editor, Herbert McManus; Associate Editors, Hugh Garner, Willson Woodside; Production Editor, John Irwin; Financial Editor, W. P. Snead; Women's Editor, Margaret Ness; Assistant Editors, Lillian England, John Wilcock; Contributing Editors, James Colman, Robertson Davies, Paul Duval, Max Freedman (Washington), Hugh MacLennan (Montreal), Beverley Nichols (London), Mary Lowrey Ross, Lister Sinclair, John A. Stevenson (Ottawa), Anthony West (New York). Advertising Sales Manager, Lloyd M. Hodgkinson. Subscription Prices: Canada $4.00 one year; $6.00 two years; $8.00 three years. Great Britain and all other parts of the British Empire add $1.00 for each subscription year to Canadian price. All other countries add $2.00 for each subscription year to Canadian price. Newsstand and single issues 10c. Authorized as second class mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa. Published and printed by Consolidated Press Limited, Birks Building, Montreal, Canada. Editorial and Advertising Offices, 73 Richmond Street W., Toronto 1, Canada. President and Publisher, Jack Kent Cooke; Vice Presidents, Hal E. Cooke, Neil M. Watt, E. R. Milling; Assistant Comptroller, George Colvin; Secretary, William Zimmerman, Q.C.; Director of Circulation, Gordon Rumgay; Director of Manufacturing, E. M. Pritchard. Representatives: New York, Donald Cooke Inc., 551 Fifth Avenue; Chicago, Fred R. Jones & Son, 228 N. Lasalle Street; Los Angeles, Lee P. O'Connell Co., 111 North La Cienega Blvd., Beverly Hills, Cal.; Vancouver, John N. Hunt & Associates, 198 West Hastings Street; London, England, Dennis W. Mayes Ltd., 69 Fleet Street, E.C.4.

Industrial Lubricants
for every purpose



In Power Generation

In Machining Operations



In the Mining Industry

In Railway Transportation

A highly trained, experienced B-A staff is ready to assist you in whatever your lubrication problem may be. B-A lubrication engineers are expert in diagnosing the requirements of every type of machine for every sphere of service. Turn to B-A for the best in modern Industrial Lubrication.

THE BRITISH AMERICAN OIL COMPANY LIMITED

The largest oil company owned by Canadians

BT-318

THE CANADIAN OPEN

At Scarboro Golf and Country Club in Toronto, an appreciative gallery follows every stroke with tense and eager interest as the world's outstanding golfers compete for top place in this great sporting classic. The Canadian Open is a memorable event for those who thrill to brilliant performance from tee to green.

Where a fine car matters...Monarch belongs

MONARCH MONTEREY

Automatic Transmis
Overdrive, white sidewall
and fender skirts opt
at extra cost when avai

When the occasion calls for the finest, Monarch belongs—for Monarch is a masterpiece of modern automotive design. Whatever the setting, Monarch adds an extra touch of distinction to the scene, contributes an extra measure of satisfaction to the car owner who takes pride in possessing those things which are unmistakably above the average of quality and beauty. There's a thrilling sensation of power that stems from the high-spirited performance of Monarch's great 125-Hp. V-8 engine . . . a welcome feeling of relaxing comfort induced by Monarch's superb engineering, its incomparable riding qualities . . . a sense of supreme confidence inspired by Monarch's amazing roadability and ease of handling. Every road is a royal road when you drive a Monarch.

Ride like a King in a Monarch V-8

Ford MONARCH

CELEBRATING A HALF-CENTURY OF FINE CAR CRAFTSMANSHIP

YOUR MONARCH DEALER WILL BE HAPPY TO ARRANGE A DEMONSTRATION AT YOUR CONVENIENCE